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A SHADOW IN THE VALLEY.

BY FANNIE A. STALL ALDEN.

There's a shadow in the valley
Where the lilies lie asleep,
Where the laughing waters murmur,
And the sweet flags droop and weep.
There's a shadow in the valley
And a sigh floats in the air,
Like the breath of angels resting
O'er the fair scene mirrored there.

Such a shadow in the valley
Brings a burden to my heart:
Cannot you, too, understand it—
Have you never felt its smart?
I have watched the lilies lying,
I have seen the sweet flags weep,
And have wished that I, when dying,
Might be laid with them to sleep.

I have heard the breezes murmur
Low soft songs within this vale,
I have seen the black bird hover
O'er the lilies fair and pale.
I have seen a ray of sunlight
Linger 'mong the reeds, at play;
But the silent creeping shadow
Chased the merry spirit away.

Like the human heart, o'er shadowed
By a sorrow swift and deep,
Lie the sweet flags and the lilies
In the shadowy vale, asleep.
There's a melancholy sweetness
In the perfume-ladened air
And the tall reeds seem to whisper
"You'll find sorrow every-where."

THE SECRET AGENT;

OR,

The Struggle for Liberty.

Philadelphia in 1776.

BY CHARLES MORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "PLIGHTED IN PERIL," ETC.

[This story was commenced in No. 51, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN FITZ.

The American forces had a double duty to perform, a double enemy to encounter, which rendered their labors so much the more arduous. In addition to the open foe in their front, there was a secret and, in some respects, more dangerous foe in their rear.

This was the great number of Tories and disaffected citizens, who, while seemingly living quietly at home, took every occasion to send information to the enemy, and to embarrass the movements of the patriot forces by every means in their power.

In addition to these, there were more open foes, who took to the field singly or with bands of guerillas and managed to seriously annoy the Americans.

Principal among these in the locality into which the army had now come were the Doanes of Bucks county, and the Captain Fitz alluded to in the last chapter.

The former consisted of five brothers, all noted for their strength and hardihood, and for their great powers as runners and leapers, and their splendid horsemanship. Alone, or with the bands they occasionally headed, they waged a predatory war upon the Americans; and their robberies, their stratagems, and narrow escapes, made them a dangerous public foe.

Captain Fitz, whose real name was James Fitzpatrick, was a resident of Chester county, and had been an American soldier. For some trifling offence he had been whipped, and had deserted, bearing in his breast a lasting hatred against the American cause. He became a real Rob Roy, keeping the whole surrounding country in fear and peril, and escaping easily from the hands of armed men who sought to capture him, or meeting them with a daring that ensured his success.

Personally he was fearless, and many were the bold stratagems by which he distanced the pursuers, many the narrow escapes which he made. His robberies of the houses of the Whigs were frequent, and he often had a considerable following of marauders in his train.

So much for the public history of this noted Tory. He had a private history that brought him into more direct connection, with our characters, and forces us to go more deeply into his life than would be needed by the mere historical chronicler.

He was young, good-looking, intelligent, and had been quite a beau of the neighborhood before the war, taking part in all the country merry-makings with which men and maidens of the locality made life endurable.

On such occasions, the country people thought little of a ten mile drive to take part, dancing and otherwise amusing themselves until the night had passed, and riding home in the grey of the morning.

It was on some occasion of this kind that the young man had made the acquaintance of Margaret, or as she was usually known, Madge Lawson. She was then quite young, and shrunk modestly from the close attention with which the youth saw fit to honor her.

He seemed, however, strongly inclined to keep up the acquaintance, and, besides meeting her on other festive occasions, he visited her a number of times at her father's house, in the same year in which the war had broken out.

He was then in conformity with her in his patriotic views, but, despite this, his visits were extremely annoying to her. She had not liked him from the first, there being a something in his manner or expression that caused her to deeply distrust him. This feeling was increased by the very marked character of his attentions, and passed from a sense of annoyance into one of positive dislike.

Young Fitzpatrick, however, had been deeply smitten by the charms and engaging manners of the maiden, and persistently shut his eyes to the evident fact that she did not look upon him as a welcome visitor.

He went further, he offered himself to her as a lover, bringing his warmest arguments to induce her to look favorably upon his suit. There was no doubt that he was earnest in his declared love, but there could not well have been anything more distasteful to her; and she rejected his suit with a decisiveness that was anything but soothing to the feelings of the lover.

He was not one, however, to take a first rejection as decisive, and repeated his suit again and again, so annoying her by his persistent attentions that she finally called upon her father to protect her from this unduly determined lover.

THE DOOR WAS RUDELY FLUNG OPEN AND TWO MEN APPEARED.

The result was a violent scene between Mr. Lawson and Fitzpatrick, which ended in the latter being refused admittance to the house. This result was chiefly caused by a stinging allusion to the old man's Toryism, which he resented as bitterly as if he prided himself upon his patriotism.

It was about this time that the war had begun to drift from its northerly locality towards that region. Young Fitzpatrick became one of a military company raised in his county, and his presence in the army for some time relieved the young lady from his unpleasant attentions.

Rumors came to their ears of his desertion, followed by reports of a bold marauder in Chester county, who, under the name of Captain Fitz, was whispered to be none other than James Fitzpatrick. Otherwise than by these rumors, Madge Lawson had not been troubled by him.

During the present year she had gained a new acquaintance on whom she looked with far more favoring eyes than on her would-be lover of the past. Such was the rapidity with which this newcomer ingratiated himself into her esteem, despite a strong flavor of Toryism which chiefly pleased her father, that Fitzpatrick's hopes of success were injured even more by the fact of this new friendship than by all his own annoying attentions.

One day in November of the year of our story she had been visiting a neighbor about a mile distant from her home, and was returning alone towards evening.

She had gone over about three-fourths of the distance, when she perceived a tall young man leaning against a tree by the roadside. No second glance was needed to satisfy her that it was her quondam lover.

He accosted her politely, and a short conversation ensued, chiefly marked on her part by a desire to bring it to an end, and on his by an evident intention to introduce the old subject.

In this effort he only succeeded in ruffling her somewhat hasty temper.

"You will excuse me, Mr. Fitzpatrick, from listening any further to that subject," she warmly answered. "There has been enough of it in the past. You already know my sentiments in regard to the matter without need of my repeating them. I am sorry that you force me to speak so plainly."

"Somewhat more plainly than there is any call for," he angrily replied. "I do not feel content to accept a rejection so without reason, other than that, as I hear, I have been supplanted by a rival in my absence."

"Supplanted!" she answered, with scorn. "I cannot see that such a word applies. As for reasons, I have them, sound enough and strong enough."

"What are they?"

"One will answer. I am not content to replace the rejected James Fitzpatrick with the notorious Captain Fitz, or the professed patriot with the traitor to his country."

The florid face of the young man grew deathly pale at this accusation. He hesitated before replying, and the girl walked defiantly on.

In a moment he was beside her.

"Who told you I was Captain Fitz?" he demanded.

"Do you mean to deny it?" she replied, facing him with a glance that seemed to read his very soul.

"Whether I am or not matters little," he replied. "I did not take the trouble to come here to-day for the purpose of quarrelling with you, but—"

"There is no occasion to continue," she interrupted him. "I know what you would say, and prefer to hear no more on the subject. You might have saved yourself the trouble of coming here, if you had no more profitable errand. You will excuse me if I object to a further continuance of this interview."

"You seem in a desperate hurry to get back to your new lover," he sneeringly replied, his face full of anger.

"Perhaps to get away from my old one, who hopes to win my favor by insults," she cuttingly rejoined. "What you have said will suffice. Good day, Captain Fitz."

He made a hasty movement towards her, a threatening gesture that caused her to turn suddenly upon him.

"What do you mean by that? she sternly asked. "Do you threaten me with personal violence, sir?"

"Not now," he replied, his hand dropping by his side. "I am alone, unarmed, within call of your house. I would hardly be fool enough for that, Madge Lawson."

"Not now," she repeated. "Does that mean that I must prepare for violence at some time in the future, when you have a pack of ruffians at your back to assist you in assaulting a defenceless girl?"

"It means, if you will have it," he bitterly replied, "that I am tired of being treated as you choose to treat me. It means that I am not the man to be thrown aside for this new lover. Persuasion will not do. If I speak of my love I am insulted. I came here to-day to make a last appeal to your heart. I have had nothing in return but biting insult from you. You have exhausted my forbearance, Madge Lawson. You accuse me of being Captain Fitz. Very well, if you will have it so; Captain Fitz knows how to revenge an injury. When I next come it will not be as a pleading suitor."

"I fear you not, villian," she boldly replied. "Come when and how you will, you will find my answer ever the same."

"There are suits that do not demand an answer," he answered, with an enigmatical look. "There are more ways of winning an obstinate girl than on your knees. Within a month from to-day you shall hear again from Captain Fitz. I shall not come then empty handed, or go away empty hearted."

There was more in his looks even than in his words. She felt that there was a dark threat conveyed in these expressions, and hastened onward towards her home, fearful that he might even then attempt to injure her.

With a face as dark as a thunder cloud, the young man turned away in the opposite direction, and was soon lost to sight.

This threatening visit created a strong sensation in the household. The identity of Fitzpatrick with Captain Fitz was no longer doubtful, and the ubiquity and daring of the latter were so notorious that Mr. Lawson naturally feared some dark design against his daughter.

She was too young, and too inexperienced in the evils of the world to be seriously disquieted by this interview.

But the young man who had been designated as her new lover—none other than the Allen Brooks who had made her acquaintance at the beginning of our story, and had been a frequent visitor since—could not view the matter so lightly.

His anxiety was great, and increased as the month mentioned by Captain Fitz approached its end.

He strongly insisted on her sending him word of any thing suspicious which should occur, giving her the name of a person residing in Germantown, any information sent whom would quickly reach him.

There was something strange about Mr. Brooks' occupation and mode of life which he evaded any effort to inquire into, and which excited strong suspicions in the minds of his new friends.

He seemed to have no settled habitation, and was exceedingly erratic in his movements, appearing always without previous notice of his coming, and usually leaving after night with some humorous evasion of the object of his mysterious journeys.

These movements were generally on horseback, and there were occasional evidences that he had ridden long and hard before reaching the Lawson homestead.

Mr. Lawson affected a knowledge of the character of these strange movements, which added to the disquiet of his daughter. His Tory predictions were as strong as ever; she continued to be as ardent a Whig. This was the one point of unpleasant feeling between father and daughter, and Mr. Lawson's looks of intelligence upon their visitor's hasty arrivals and departures, and his chuckle of satisfaction as he made half denials of his knowledge, were very annoying to Madge.

Her acquaintance with Mr. Brooks had ripened into a strong friendship, without her looking upon him as a new lover, as the renegade Captain Fitz had charged.

Just what was the real nature of her feeling for him she had not yet determined, and was too young to think about it seriously. But she liked him well enough to be much troubled in mind about his Tory proclivities, and still more about the mysterious nature of the business concerning which he was so taciturn.

What he thought of her had not yet appeared in words. But friendly visits that took him miles out of his way were significant, and there was much talk in the neighborhood about his relations with Madge Lawson, mingled with suspicions as to who and what he was.

She had had more than one dispute, almost amounting to a quarrel, with him on political matters, and was little inclined to bear with his views upon American subjects.

For his part, he usually avoided this one subject of dispute, and on the occasions in which he had broached it, his object seemed to be more to tease her than anything else. Her patriotic views were so pronounced and determined that it took very few words to set her on fire in defence of her country.

December was moving on, and no sign had been yet given of any intention in Captain Fitz to fulfil his threat. But one evening, as Mr. Lawson was occupied about his front yard, he was accosted by a neighbor coming down the Ridge road in his market wagon.

"What news from above?" was the natural question after the compliments of the day had been passed.

"Some trouble in the neighborhood of Norristown, I believe," replied the farmer.

"Ah! what is it?

"Captain Fitz is said to have robbed the house of Justice Wilson. There is a party out after him, but he has slipped them."

"Crossed the Schuylkill?" asked Mr. Lawson, in some alarm.

"It is thought not. He is supposed to have ridden down on this side of the river. He has a strong party of men with him. There is some more devilry afoot."

"I think so," cried Mr. Lawson, hastening back to his house, and acquainting his family with the alarming news he had learned.

"You are right, father; he is intending to carry out his threat," said Madge. "I do not know that there is much use in it, but I promised Mr. Brooks, to send for him if any danger should arise. I must keep my word."

That afternoon a messenger was dispatched to Germantown, with word of Captain Fitz's raid.

CHAPTER VII.

A MASQUERADE.

It was a chilly December evening. The wind blew from the northwest with a spiteful shrillness in its tone. Ice was forming on the pools which until now had remained unfrozen. The mud, which had somewhat retarded travel by the roads, was being hardened into a firm pavement by the frost, much to the convenience of the traveling public.

It was one of those evenings whose first coming render home so delightful a place, and quicken the steps of wayfarers towards the evening lamp, which shines for them through the open windows of the homestead.

Mr. Lawson had ended his farm duties before nightfall, somewhat hastened by anxiety as to prospective perils. The hearth fire was burning brightly, sending a clear gleam of light across the wide kitchen, which was the usual sitting-room of the family. Over the brisk flames the kettle was singing its merriest tune, and the plain supper of the household stood warm upon the hearth.

On the mantel an old-fashioned tallow candle sent its feeble ray into the dancing light from the fire, while against the wall stood firmly upright a tall eight-day clock, ticking away with no weak utterance.

It was a cheerful scene, and only happy faces should have been lit by that warm light, yet the only warm look was upon Madge Lawson's face, and that perhaps assumed, to hide her real feelings from her parents.

Mrs. Lawson looked anxious, while a stern look marked the bold features of her husband, a sternness that was not unmingled with uneasiness. The young lady hummed a gay air as she deftly spread the cloth for supper.

"Come, papa," she laughingly said, "you look as stern as our old Tray when he has had a severe disappointment. I have not seen you smile these three days."

"These are not times for smiling, girl," he said, with a lighting up of the visage. "I don't think we have much to be merry over."

"What has happened, Roger?" asked Mrs. Lawson nervously. "Is there more unpleasant news? Is that band of robbers really coming?"

"It is only this, wife," he replied, "that I am of the notion that Madge ought to leave the house till this threatened trouble blows over. She might go to the city to her aunt Clara, and—"

"And run away from this brave Captain Fitz!" cried the daughter in a tone of disdain. "I do not value or fear him enough for that."

"I do, Madge," said her father. "He is a dangerous man, and it is you he has threatened."

"He is a renegade, and all renegades are cowards," she replied hotly. "No fear of his venturing down into this region. It might not be safe for him."

"It is not safe for you," said Mrs. Lawson, anxiously. "I think your father's idea a very good one."

"I have sent word to Allen Brooks," replied Madge, as she poured the tea into the steaming urn. "He will be sure to come. He promised me that. He and you, papa, and the farm hands, I think will be a match for these plundering Tories."

"They are not Tories, girl; they are robbers. I don't want you to be classing fellows like these with loyal subjects of King George."

"I do not know any such person as King George," cried Madge with a light laugh, cutting large slices from a huge, home-made loaf. "There is no one of that name in this country, I know."

"Now don't talk like a ninny, Madge," he half angrily said.

"We have a George Washington here, she gaily replied. "But we don't call him King."

"I think not," he said, laughing grimly. "It would be a rich joke to class the captain of a band of rebels with the ruler of Great Britain and these American colonies."

"Thank you, papa, your King is only trying to rule these American colonies and not succeeding very well," she saucily replied, as she carried a dish of savory meat from the hearth to the table.

"Now do not get into another of your disputes," said Mrs. Lawson. "You know how they usually end. Madge, there is no butter in the jar. You will have to bring some in."

The young lady drew up her shoulders in shivering dread of the task.

"It will freeze me into an icicle before I get back," she cried, as she threw a cloak about her, and ran lightly out of the kitchen door.

"There she goes, as free-footed as a fairy," said her admiring father. "She must go to the city, wife.

"But why?" asked Mrs. Lawson, "you have heard something new, Roger. Tell me what it is."

"Nothing that need alarm us, he indifferently answered. "Only that Fitz's band is still on this side, and has been seen further down the river."

"Further down? How much further? How far from here?" she hastily asked.

"About ten miles above."

"And you say this is not serious?" she half screamed.

"We had best send Madge away," he answered.

"We should have done it sooner. It may be too late now," was her impatient rejoiner.

"Then we will have in the men, and send for some of the neighbors. It is best to be on the safe side. Not that I fear them much. I will treat them to a bullet or two if they venture here.

He showed the butt of a pistol from beneath his vest.

"Put that away, Roger! Give it to me!" she cried in alarm. "It will only make them more ferocious."

"It may make some of them less ferocious," he grimly answered. "They are said to be masquerading as rebel soldiers. It would be dangerous for any such rebels to venture around here to-night."

"That is more dangerous still," she answered, with increased alarm. "They think they can venture down here in safety in that disguise. You must go at once and call in the neighbors. Tell them to come armed. I am afraid to stay here alone."

"I think we can venture to eat our supper first," he said, laughing at her dread. "What is more, our neighbors may prefer to stay at home to protect themselves."

"No, no. They know that it is we who will be attacked. They will come, I know."

"Well, here comes Madge with the butter. We will have supper first. I am hungry as a lawyer."

"Ah! it's shivery out," said Madge, as she deposited a golden pat of butter upon the table.

"I pity all poor souls that have to spend this night out," said Mr. Lawson as he made a vigorous onslaught on the meat.

"It is not so cold," said Mrs. Lawson. "It is only that it has come so suddenly. We have been spoiled by the pleasant weather."

"I saw some poor fellows outside whom I had a mind to ask in for a warm supper," said Madge. "Only that I thought they would not freeze, and might not be welcome."

"Why not?" asked Mrs. Lawson.

"Because they were American soldiers," she replied, with an arch side glance at her father.

What was her amazement to see him spring hastily to his feet, his face full of alarm.

"American soldiers," he ejaculated.

"Why what is the matter?" she cried, as she saw her mother rise in equal dread.

There was no reply in words. The door by which she had lately entered the kitchen, was rudely flung open, and two men appeared, with the cocked hat and the dress of the American soldiery.

"Don't disturb yourself, my old friend," said the foremost with a smirk upon his face. "We are only making a call upon the lady." He pointed across to Madge, who was looking with wondering eyes at these intruders.

"I know you, villians," roared Mr. Lawson, confronting them with his erect figure, and with a pistol in his hand. "Unless you leave here in less time than you entered, it will be worse for you,"

"Not just at supper time," said the foremost of the two, pressing further into the room. "We have ridden twenty miles to-day without a bite. You won't refuse a soldier a pinte at your table?"

"Out of this house!" cried the old man, fiercely. "Villians, you thought to find it defenceless. You shall see that a Pennsylvania farmer can protect his fireside."

The fellow would have advanced further, but he saw that in the farmer's eye that induced him to halt.

"This is rough treatment of soldiers," he muttered.

"Soldiers! Wolves rather!" was the stern reply. "I know you. You are Captain Fitz's soldiers. Old man as I am, I do not fear ten such renegades."

A cry from Mrs. Lawson caused him to suddenly look around. A third member of the gang had entered the house from the front and was approaching him rapidly.

"Back!" cried Madge Lawson springing resolutely forward, still grasping in her hand the large knife with which she had been cutting bread. "Protect yourself, father. I have enough of your blood in my veins to deal with this ruffian."

There was a boding glitter in her eye that caused the marauder to start back with a sense that she would not hesitate to use her dangerous weapon.

Simultaneously the room rang with the report of a pistol. Mr. Lawson had turned to find the other ruffian springing towards him in his unguarded moment. With a quick decision natural to him, the old man raised his weapon, and fired point blank at the intruder.

With a cry of pain the fellow leaped back, his arm falling helplessly by his side.

"Damnation!" he yelled. "He has hit me! Go for him, boys. Don't let an old boy use up loyal soldiers."

At this cry two more men hurried into the house, and a general rush was made for the old man, whose discharged pistol was no longer a defence.

Madge still held one at bay, standing like an aroused lioness, her slender fingers knotted into the haft of the weapon she held.

No word from her was needed. The villian read danger in her look, and prudently held back.

The next moment and Mr. Lawson's assailants were upon him. But he was no tame victim. The empty pistol still served as a weapon, falling with stunning force on the forehead of the most forward of the villians.

"Down with him!" cried a quick, sharp voice from the door. "Will you let one old man foil you? Down with him, and bring away the young lady."

His words spurred them on. In a moment Mr. Lawson was clasped in brawny arms, and bonds were being twined around his limbs.

The voice had struck familiarly on Madge's ear.

"Fitzgerald!" she exclaimed, partly turning.

It was a fatal movement. In an instant the knife was wrenched from her hand, and the villians had her in an iron-like grip.

"Right," cried the man at the door. "Hurry along. We have no time to lose here. Tie her if she will not come quietly."

"Oh!" you infernal ruffian!" yelled the father in a rage, and struggling violently with his captors. "Oh! if I had but my pistol again. I would rid the earth of one cutthroat."

"Quick, you fools!" cried the Captain, "Don't stop for his vaporing."

Mrs. Lawson had remained almost stunned as these quick movements occurred. She now rushed forward with a loud scream, flinging her arms around Madge and striving to wrest her from the hands of her captor. The villian tried to tear her off, but in vain. Scream after scream came from her lips.

"Stop that, or she will rouse the neighborhood!" cried the leader, advancing into the room.

He was dressed like the others, in uniform; but his tall, graceful figure was at once recognized as that of James Fitzpatrick, who now stood openly confessed as Captain Fitz.

"I see no way of getting rid of her, except by knocking her in the head," growled the other ruffian.

His arm was raised menacingly over the unprotected brow of the mother.

The threatened blow never fell.

From the doorway leading to the front of the house came the report of a pistol, and the cowardly assailant dropped like a log to the floor.

"In with you, lads!" roared a stentorian voice; "here are some wolves in sheep's clothing. We will tear off their wool for them. To the back door, Joe, with a squad. Don't let a rogue of them escape."

The speaker bounded into the room; a short, thick-set man, with heavy black whiskers. He brandished a long sword in his right hand, his other holding a yet smoking pistol.

Several other soldiers crowded into the doorway behind him.

"Drop all, and follow me!" came in tones of startling quickness from Captain Fitz. "To your horses! There is a company upon us. Every man for his life!"

He sprang back through the doorway, followed rapidly by his men, and by a bullet or two from the weapons of the soldiers.

"You will see me again, Madge Lawson; and soon!" cried the leader of the discomfitted gang as he disappeared into the night.

"Yes, dancing on nothing, at the end of a rope," roared the burly officer in reply. "After them, boys. Give them no quarters."

The four or five men behind him rushed through the room in pursuit. The officer remained behind, cutting the bonds of Mr. Lawson.

"That was a cute job," he cried, bursting into a roar of laughter. "The rogues thought I had a whole troop behind me, by my orders to some unknown fellow called Joe. You have seen every soul of my troop, and the villains are flying as from an army."

The joke seemed so good to him, that he could scarce speak for his bursts of merriment.

CHAPTER VII.

CAPTAIN CONRAD'S NEWS.

"Well, if I had thought that you were so hard pushed as that I would have brought my troop in earnest," said the burly officer; "but if half a dozen men can be magnified into a regiment there's no need of more. How the rascals did slide! I think my bluster must have frightened them."

"They are off, bag and baggage," said one of the soldiers, entering. "They had their horses outside, and took to the saddle before we could get near them."

"Off, and a good riddance," said the officer. "Who are they? Did they condescend to introduce themselves?"

"It is Captain Fitz and his band of ruffians," said Mr. Lawson.

The officer gave vent to a prolonged whistle of surprise.

"Captain Fitz!" he ejculated. "He was wise to make tracks. If I had caught him a long rope and a short shrift would have served for him. But excuse my rattling tongue; you are Mr. Lawson, I believe."

"At your command, sir. These are my wife and daughter."

"I am very happy to know you, ladies," said the officer, with a low bow. "May I present myself as Captain Conrad, of the Westchester Guards, and very much at your service."

"That you have fully proved," said Madge, gratefully. "I am thankful enough for your kindness."

"A few more like you would have needed no help," he replied, looking at her admirably. "I saw you holding this villain at bay." He indicated with his foot the lifeless body of the man he had shot. "Take him out," he continued, to the soldiers who had reentered; "that is a sight for men like us, not for ladies."

Madge looked with a shudder at the dreadful spectacle. The man was stone dead. The troopers hastened to remove him.

"But how came you here so opportunely?" asked Mr. Lawson.

"I heard that there was likely to be trouble here," he replied. "I thought I would walk over with a few of my men. I had no notion of finding such a business as this."

"Then some one knew that this attack would take place?" said Madge earnestly. "How could that be? There was but one person—"

"Perhaps it was he," said the captain—"one Allen Brooks."

"It was he, then?" she cried, excitedly. "Why is he not here? Did he send you?"

"He was not able to come in person. Excuse me, but is he a friend of yours?"

"An acquaintance," she said briefly.

"A friend of mine, said Mr. Lawson. "Has anything happened to him?"

"He is under arrest, on a serious charge," was the reply of the captain.

"On what charge?" cried Madge excitedly, her face changing color.

Captain Conrad looked at her a moment before answering.

"I hope it will amount to nothing," he replied. "I had better have held my tongue."

"You cannot, now," she quickly answered, laying her small hand firmly on his arm. "By whom is he arrested, and on what charge?"

He turned irresolutely away, biting his lip. He grew red in the face as her eyes were fixed questioningly on his.

"I have the most unfortunate tongue in the world; it will blurt out everything," he ejaculated. "Well, it is one of those things that can't be kept a secret, so I may as well out with it. I have arrested Allen Brooks as a British spy."

"A spy!" she cried, turning pale as death, and staggering backward. "Is this the mystery of his life?"

There was a piteous wail in her tone.

"A spy!" repeated Mr. and Mrs. Lawson together. "Allen Brooks a spy!"

"There, there," said Captain Conrad, soothingly. "It may not be so bad. I had orders to arrest him, and have done so. Just what he has done, I don't pretend to know, but there are ugly whispers."

Madge was too excited to pay much attention to his words. She paced irresolutely back and forward, the color coming and going in her face.

"He is my father's friend. He is my friend," she cried. "I must see him. Where is he?"

"A few miles from here. He is at a small roadside hotel, known as Snyder's Inn."

"Yes, yes, I know the place," she hurriedly answered. I must see him. He must not be left alone in his imprisonment without a friend to visit him, when he has done so much for us. You must admit me to him, Captain Conrad."

She had again approached and stood looking appealingly up into his face.

"But I will not be there," returned the captain. "He is under charge of my sergeant. I have another task in hand that will occupy me for several days."

"Then you shall leave me an order to see him," she decisively replied.

"The sergeant is a hard-hearted man, and stubborn as a log," said the captain. "I am afraid my written order will not induce him to lay aside the strict, verbal orders I gave him. He was to admit no one."

Madge's only answer was to bring him pen, ink and paper, and put them on the table before him.

"Write," she said; "the Sergeant will admit me. Do not fear for that."

"I am used to handling a pen as long as my arm," he said, taking up and looking comically at the goose quill given him "How will my clumsy hand manage this toothpick?"

"Give me the pen," she said, taking it from him somewhat petulantly. "I will write the order, and you can put the Captain Conrad to it."

The burly Captain looked with admiring eyes on her fair face and flexile form, as she leaned before him and wrote the following order:

"Admit the bearer, Miss Margaret Lawson, to see the prisoner, Allen Brooks, alone."

"Alone? Why alone?" he queried, doubtfully.

"Because I want none of your hard-headed and hard-hearted sergeants blundering in with me, and swallowing every word said, as if it was treason and I was a spy."

"I have heard of you, Miss Lawson," he replied, as he signed the order. "No one questions your uncompromising loyalty. In any case, I don't think you would find it easy to carry off my prisoner in the face of Sergeant Kerr."

There was a smile of disbelief on her face as she turned away and securely hid in the important order.

At the urgent request of Mr. Lawson the Captain and his followers seated themselves at the scarcely touched supper of the family, and made a hearty meal, under the assiduous attention of Madge and her mother.

In an hour more they had regained their horses, which had been left at the roadside, some distance below the house.

With a loud good-bye to the family, which was heartily returned by Mr. Lawson, and as earnestly by the ladies, Captain Conrad rode briskly on up the road, calling out:

"This is Captain Fitz's direction. I may meet that gentleman again. If I do there will be a lively time."

In a minute more only the distant sound of hoofs upon the road told of the party whose visit to that quiet family had been attendant with so much excitement.

In another minute all sound was lost in the distance, and they quietly returned to the house.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

VIRGINIA.

In English eyes Virginia is a pleasant country, with an aspect that recalls the home-like hills in Kent. Her air is soft, her climate fine. How green her fields, how fresh her streams, how bright her uplands! Fronting the sea, she faces all the world, and every port where trade is carried on lies open to her enterprise. Deep friths indent her shores and tides flow up her valleys. She is everywhere a water power. A thousand sparkling rills drop down her wooded heights. Her dells are cool with ponds and lakes, her ravines musical with steps, cascades and falls. Down every hollow winds a rivulet, blessing the soil through which it flows, and carrying seaward the accumulating forest trees—fuel for fire, planking for homesteads, mast and spars for ships. But she has beauties of her own, the life of which we English only see in dreams. A ridge of apennines bulges across the country, separating the fertile Shenandoah valley on the east from the enchanting Winchester valley on the west. These apennines are called the Blue Ridge from the purple tinge which, in the twilight after sunset, deepens into blue, as dark as that of either Syrian sea or Grecian sky. Virginia's sun is bright, and in his brightness constant through the year. Fogs are unknown, mists seldom seen. This wealth of sunlight in the sky sheds wealth of color on the landscape. Skies as clear, and streams as fresh, are found in many places; but the beauty of this range of mountain woods is hardly to be matched on earth. Groups of hills start here and there beyond the chain of heights; one Alp called White Top Mountain, lifting its head above the line that Snowdon would attain if she were piled on the highest peak of the Cheviot Hills. These hills are clothed with pine and maple, oak and chestnut, to their crowns. Their sides are all aglow; gold, orange, scarlet, crimson, russet; all the burning colors of the forest mingling in one common flame. The glory of the falling year is nowhere to be seen in such perfection as in these Virginian Apennines. Drop into this garden—you feel at home. This orchard is an English orchard; apples, pears, peaches, plums are all the English fruit. Here, too, are things well known although grown at home. In Surrey, these grapes would be under glass. These melons would not grow in an English garden; and these pippins and lady-apples, though often seen on English tables, are grown on this Virginian soil. Here we have maize ripening in one corner, tobacco in a second, pea-nuts and sweet potatoes in a third. These roots and fruits in a third. These roots and fruits are a homely thing to us, yet homely in a far-off way, much as roses of Sharon and lilies of the valley are familiar to our thoughts. We draw nigh to them and feel at home among them, yet we recognize a sense of difference and of separation that clothes them with poetic charm.

A PROMPT JUROR.

An amusing story is told of the way a juror in Georgia went for a conviction. A murder case was being tried, and great difficulty was experienced in getting a jury. Eleven jurors had been sworn in, and in the next panel that was brought in was a small, lank, lean, cadaverous looking fellow who had on one shoe, his pants were nearly above his knees, his shirt open both front and back, and the aforesaid pants were held up by a single suspender. The solicitor proceeded to ask the usual questions in such cases as follows:

"Have you, from having seen the crime committed, or heard any of the testimony delivered under oath, formed and expressed any opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the prisoner at the bar?"

The "single gallus" fellow, in a clear and distinct voice answered: "Not any."

Second question—Have you any prejudice or bias resting on your mind for or against the prisoner at the bar?

Answer—I hain't.

Third question—Is your mind perfectly impartial between the State and the accused?

Answer—Hit sir.

Fourth question—Are you conscientiously opposed to capital punishment?

Answer—I isn't.

The State didn't like the juror much, but it being late and jurors scarce, he was put upon the prisoner in the usual manner, the solicitor saying: "Juror, look upon the prisoner," and when this command was given he bent over him scanning him from head to foot. The juror looked the prisoner firmly in the face, and then turning to the judge said, in a firm, solemn voice, "Yes, Judge, I think he's guilty."

True religion is the poetry of the heart; it has enchantments useful to our manners, it gives us both happiness and virtue.

CENTS AND NONSENSE.

To a Lady—with some cents to pay a lost bet.

E'en grant I made a *senseless* bet,
(I'm *cents less*, I will own),
Yet who will say, since these I've *sent*,
That I have *senseless* grown?

And though I've given *all my cents*
To pay the debt I owe;
You'll grant, in showing thus my *cents*,
That, I, my *sense* do show.

Though by the bet *non cents* I got
And you do *some cents* gain;
'Twere *nonsense* saying that I yet
Not *every sense* retain!

Philip F. Snyder.

JOSHUA HAGGARD'S DAUGHTER.

By Miss M. E. BRADDON,
Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," etc.

[This story was commenced in No. 34, Vol. 55. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XIV—[CONTINUED.]

Naomi and Oswald were able to enjoy their quiet talk on one side of the hearth, while Joshua read one of his favorite Puritan divines on the other, Cynthia sitting by him in meek silence, full of sweet thoughts and dreamy aspirations after an unknown good. James went on roasting his chestnuts, which ever and anon exploded with a fizz and a splutter, to his own delight and the consternation of the assembly.

"How pretty she is," whispered Oswald to Naomi, contemplating Cynthia's thoughtful face during a pause in his talk. He watched her with the same pleasure and interest he might have felt in the contemplation of a pretty child—something soft and sweet and helpless, which he looked down upon from the altitude of his mature years.

"Yes, she is very pretty, and very good. My father is quite happy in his marriage."

"Why does she never come with us in our walks? It must be dull for her of an afternoon when your father is out."

"She goes for a walk with Jim sometimes."

"But why not with us?"

"I don't know. She's very shy. I rather think she's afraid of you."

"Afraid of me! Oh, that's too ridiculous."

"She thinks you a very fine gentleman."

"That's delightful! You know how much of the fine gentleman there is about me, Naomi. I am afraid she must be rather silly."

"Oh no, indeed. She is wonderfully bright and quick in everything."

"Is she? I should hardly have thought her so. We are talking of you, Mrs. Haggard," pursued Oswald, abandoning his confidential, half-whispering tone; "I have been asking Naomi why you never join us in our afternoon rambles. Perhaps you don't care for woods and hills?"

"Yes I do," answered Cynthia: "I am very fond of this beautiful place. It is prettier than anything I ever saw before."

"I should think so," said Aunt Judith, sharply. "It's bare enough in the mining country where you come from, I've always heard say."

"You should come with us sometimes, Mrs. Haggard," said Oswald.

"Yes," said Joshua, looking up from his book. "It would be better for you to go out of doors oftener, Cynthia. I find you sitting reading or working in the parlor every afternoon when I come home to tea."

"There's nothing so bad as poring over a book for a young woman's spine," said Aunt Judith. "Mrs. Haggard will be round-shouldered before she's thirty if she doesn't take care."

Judith's backbone was her tower of strength. Years might creep on, the insidious approach of age might show itself in a sprinkling of grey hairs among the dark ones—by crow's feet at the corners of the eyes—but Judith's spine defied the assailant Time. It straightened itself against the enemy, and at eight-and-forty Miss Haggard was more erect than she had been at eighteen.

"Yes, my love, you must really have more air and exercise," said Joshua.

Cynthia gave a faint sign. She was very happy, on such an evening as this, in her husband's company, sitting next him, stealing her hand into his now and then, or leaning against his shoulder to read a page or so of the book he was reading; but there were times in her life when she felt as if she belonged to no one. Thus it was that she had taken to pore over books, or to sit long at some laborious piece of plain needlework. There was so little for her to do: she was never happier than when Joshua allowed her to go and sit in some stuffy cottage, beside the bed of sickness or decrepitude, and read the Book she loved. She felt then that she too had her mission in the world, and that she was in some wise worthy of the husband who had chosen her.

Not a festive Christmas evening this for those who have been wont to associate the occasion with cheery family circles, merry children, old-fashioned games, cards, forfeits and snapdragon—the good old traditional Christmas immortalised by Washington Irving and Charles Dickens. A pack of cards had never been seen in Mr. Haggard's house, and forfeits or snapdragon he would have accounted childish folly. His children had never been gratified with such empty delights. 'In the day when he took up John Wesley as his guide and model, he put away from him all small pleasures, all sensual gratifications. At heart he was an ascetic, and it grated a little upon his sense of right to see the board loaded with cold turkey and chine and plum-pudding upon this particular evening. He would have been happier eating his dry bread and hard cheese, and feeling that he was denying himself while all the rest of the world were feasting and revelling. There was a touch of the Pharisee's spiritual pride here, perhaps, but the pride had its source in that idea of calling and special grace which was implanted in the preacher's heart. Had he not been chosen and elected in the days of his youth, when he first felt himself called to do God's work? He could name the day and hour. It was no slow awakening to solemn truths, no gradual leavening of the human mind with spiritual grace; but a sudden and absolute conversation—an instantaneous call to righteousness. Yesterday a child of wrath, to-day the heir of salvation, a citizen of heaven, an inhabitant of eternity. Wondrous, mysterious had been this Pentecostal season; he looked back at it with love and pride. How pitiful a price had he paid for so great a treasure, in surrendering the transient pleasures of this world!

And now Heaven had rewarded him with the sweetest of all earthly blessings—the blessed joys of home.

He looked at his daughter, happy by her lover's side; at his son, healthy, intelligent, active, dutiful; at his useful sister, rough and bitter, like medicinal herbs, but a faithful servant; at his wife, dearest of all; and thanked God for these manifold blessings.

CHAPTER XV.

CYNTHIA TRIES TO BE USEFUL.

March had come; the anemones were white in the woods, the gummy chestnut-buds were bursting in sheltered corners of the land, there was a perfume of violets in the lanes, and primroses began to peep out like pale earth-stars, amidst tender green tufts fringed with the ragged disorder of last year's leaves. The gaudy daffodils were flaunting everywhere. March was growing old, but Naomi Haggard's wedding had not yet come to pass. The date had been fixed, and all things had gone prosperously till within a week of the appointed day, when the Squire, returning on horseback from Barnstaple, where he had been to take counsel with his lawyer as to the ejectment of a troublesome tenant, had been overtaken by a heavy fall of rain, which lasted with a cruel persistency throughout his homeward journey. Instead of immediately resorting to a hot bath and dry clothes as a cure, Mr. Pentreath had sat by the dining-room fire, while he solaced himself with a tumbler of hot brandy-and-water, before changing his raiment. The consequences of the wet ride and of his imprudence showed themselves next morning in a sharp attack of bronchitis, which speedily degenerated into inflammation of the lungs. Before the week was out the Squire's life was in danger, and Naomi's wedding was deferred to an indefinite period.

Oswald was in much distress about his father's state. They had not loved each other tenderly, but the son was soft-hearted, and felt a curious aching pity for the lonely old man lying on his death-bed, more friendless than the lowliest hind on his estate. The family surgeon and sole doctor of Combhollow, who attended all the families round about, and killed or cured by the pharmacopœia without let or hindrance from any opposing practitioner, declared that the Squire's only chance of recovering lay not in medicine, or blood-letting, or blistering, but in good nursing. And who was to nurse this peevish, cantankerous old man, who, while groaning in the agonies of mortal disease, would grudge the nurse her feed and feel an extra pang at every meal she ate? The professional nurses of Combhollow were ancient females of the sibyl or witch type, women one might expect to meet on solitary moors, or in fever-haunted swamps, gathering simples under a stormy moon, and whose ignorance was only matched in degree by their cunning and cruelty. The housemaid at the Grange, who had such a conscientious regard for the oak panelling that she would begin beeswaxing at six o'clock in the morning, was not so deeply attached to her old master. When Oswald appealed to her for aid she told him she had never been where there was sickness, and did not know much about invalids' ways, and that she should scream if anyone asked her to handle a leech. The housekeeper was old and purblind, and cooked her dinners by the aid of habit and memory rather than by any existing sense. Oswald could not trust his father's life to her.

In this difficulty he naturally applied to Miss Haggard as a person likely to have all the resources of Combhollow at her fingers' ends.

"Do I know any woman that would go out sick-nursing?" she exclaimed, repeating Oswald's question. "If I know one such I know twenty. There's nothing people won't undertake to do if you'll pay them for it. But if you ask me to recommend you a nurse for your father, Mr. Pentreath, that's quite another thing. There isn't a woman who goes out nursing in Combhollow that I'd trust with the life of a kitten, if I wanted the kitten to grow up to a cat."

"That's conclusive," said Oswald despondently. Yet I suppose people in Combhollow get nursed somehow when they're ill."

"Somehow; yes, that's about it. Sometimes they die, and sometimes Providence is extra kind to them, and pull them through their troubles, nursing and all."

This was depressing. Oswald sat looking at the fire gloomily, wondering what he ought to do. It was tea-time. Aunt Judith was in her accustomed place before the tea-tray. Naomi stood by the mantlepiece looking at her lover, too much disturbed by his despondency to obey that rigorous code of etiquette which her aunt had imposed upon the household, and in which sitting down to meals the instant they were ready was a stringent article. Cynthia had taken her place and was cutting bread-and-butter for Jim, with a calm matronly air which became the fair young face. She was always pleased to be useful, were it in the smallest detail.

"I wish I could nurse your father, Oswald," said Naomi earnestly.

"But you can't," exclaimed Judith with prompt severity. "A pretty thing indeed for you to go and live in the Squire's house before you've any right. A nice scandal there'd be in Combhollow. You, a minister's daughter too! You ought to have more sense than to talk of such a thing."

"I can't see that it would be wrong," cried Oswald, with some show of heat. "Who has a better right to be at home in my father's house than my future wife?"

"If young men like you were able to draw a line between right and wrong, right and wrong wouldn't get mixed up so often as they do," replied Judith sententiously. "As to Naomi making herself at home at the Grange till she's Mrs. Pentreath, its out of the question, and she ought to have known it. Besides which, she knows about as much of sick-nursing as a babe in its cradle."

"God would teach me," said Naomi, "and my love for Oswald would make me strong to help his father."

"I believe that, Naomi," exclaimed Oswald with a grateful look.

"Let me nurse the Squire," said Cynthia, with a subdued eagerness. "I have so little to do at home. I should hardly be missed. And I do know something about sickness. I nursed Miss Webling, a lady who had the quinsy very badly. The doctor thought she would die; and I put on leeches and blisters, and sat up with her fifteen nights. And I have nursed the poor people here, haven't I, Joshua?" she asked, looking up at her husband, who had this moment entered the room.

"Yes, love; you have been a ministering angel by many sick-beds, and you would have done more if I had suffered you. But what is all this talk about nursing?"

"If some of you will sit down," remonstrated Judith, "I'll pour out the tea. But I don't feel as if anybody wanted it while you're standing about higgledy-piggledy."

Thus reproved, Naomi took her seat meekly, and Oswald, feeling that the reproof applied with double force to him as a visitor, seated himself in a despondent attitude at a corner of the table.

"I want to nurse old Mr. Pentreath, Joshua," said Cynthia. "Miss Haggard says there is no nurse to be trusted in Combhollow, and the doctor says the old gentleman must have good nursing. Will you let me go to the Grange for a little while and sit up with him, as I did with Miss Webling?"

Joshua watched her earnest face with a tender smile.

"Why, my love, how anxious you are! And do you think you know enough about sickness—that you would have strength for such a task?"

"It would be a good work, and I should do it with all my heart. God would give me strength and knowledge. I have no fear. I feel often that my life here is of very little use. I am never happier than when you let me visit the sick people. Let me go to the Grange, Joshua, and nurse poor Mr. Pentreath."

"You are too good to offer such a thing," cried Oswald, wondering at the ardour of this delicate, flower-like creature. "It would be a troublesome task. You have no notion how cross my poor old father is. He abuses the doctor in a most ferocious style—accuses him of picking his pocket. Our housemaid will scarcely go near him. There is a scrub of a girl who works about the house under every one else, a stupid good-natured thing, too much accustomed to hard words to mind them, and she is the only creature I can get to stay in my father's room; but she is clumsy and sleepy."

"Do you really wish to go, Cynthia?" asked Joshua seriously.

To his mind there was nothing unnatural in this desire of his young wife's. He belonged to a community in which to minister to the sick was a paramount duty, in which affliction was a period of closer brotherhood, a drawing together of those links which bound the little flock to one another at all times. True, that the Squire was an ungodly person, outside that circle; but he had been in a manner united to Joshua's household by his son's choice of Naomi. Here was a sick man to be snatched from the jaws of Death; here was something higher and nobler, a soul to be saved from the clutch of Satan. That the Squire's body must perish was, in all probability, inevitable—an event not to be staved off by leechings and blisterings, or all the resources of medicine; but there was a great battle to be fought for that immortal part of him, that impalpable, indestructive spark destined for an eternal future of good or evil.

What had the Church of England—of those slumberous days—done for the Squire? Well, it had taken tithe of his substances, and thereby secured to itself his antipathy; it had preached diluted Tillotson, South, and Barrow over his head while he dozed in the noontide sun; it had christened and married him, and held itself in readiness to bury him; and for the rest it had civilly and obligingly let him alone.

It seemed to Joshua Haggard that if his wife succored the Squire in his fight with disease and death he too could be by the bed-side to defend the sinner against the onslaughts of his invisible foe; for Joshua's positive theology had never been troubled by any doubt of the reality and personality of man's first tempter and perpetual adversary.

"If you really feel that you have a call for this good work, Cynthia, I should be sorry to forbid your obeying it," he said, after a thoughtful pause.

"It seems too bold to say that I am called to do it," answered his wife humbly, "but indeed, Joshua, my heart is drawn towards the poor lonely old man in his sickness and pain."

"Then you shall go, my dear," said Joshua decisively.

Cynthia rose as if to depart that moment.

"God bless you for that permission," cried Oswald.

"You may as well wait till tea's finished," exclaimed Judith tartly; "other people want their teas, if you don't. We didn't use to have tea in such a fashion."

Whereupon Cynthia resumed her seat meekly, and begged pardon of the authorities for this breach of the household law.

"I don't know how to thank you both," said Oswald—"you for your generous offer, Mrs. Haggard, or your husband for his goodness in letting you obey your benevolent inclination; but I am more grateful than I can say. I will take care that you are not over-fatigued by your task. Phœbe—that's the girl I spoke of just now—will do anything you want. She'd work till she dropped, I believe, poor girl, and only requires to be taught. My poor father was delirious last night. That won't frighten you, I hope—if his mind wanders?"

"No," said Cynthia; "I was sitting with a poor woman yesterday who was light-headed. She talked of all kinds of strange things. Yet every now and then she spoke quite clearly, and followed the sense when I read to her. I shall not be frightened."

After tea, when the bondage of etiquette was loosened a little, Naomi stol to her young stepmother's side and kissed her tenderly.

"I am so grateful to you, Cynthia," she said.

"Dear Naomi, there's no reason for gratitude or praise. I am only doing my duty. I am sorry you were not permitted to perform this task, dear, as I know it would have seemed sweet to you, for Oswald's sake."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In our sadness let us be thoughtful, that we can look out of our immediate surroundings and catch a glimmering of a beautiful world beyond.

SMALL BEGINNINGS.

A traveler through a dusty road strewed
acorns on the lea;
And one took root and sprouted up, and grew
into a tree.
Love sought its shade, at evening time, to
breathe his early vows;
And age was pleased, in heats of noon to bask
beneath its boughs;
The dormouse loved its dangling twigs, the
birds sweet music bore;
It stood a glory in its place, a blessing evermore.

A little spring had lost its way amid the grass
and fern,
A passing stranger scooped a well, where
weary men might turn;
He walled it in, and hung with care a ladle at
the brink,
He thought not of the deed he did, but judged
that toil might drink.
He passed again, and lo! the well, by summer
never dried,
Had cooled ten thousand parched tongues, and
saved a life beside.

A dreamer dropped a random thought; 'twas
old, and yet 'twas new;
A simple fancy of the brain, but strong in being
true.
It shone upon a genial mind, and lo! its light
became
A lamp of life, a beacon ray, a monitory flame;
The thought was small; its issue great; a
watch-fire on the hill;
It sheds its radiance far adown, and cheers
the valley still.

A nameless man, amid a crowd that thronged
the daily mart,
Let fall a word of hope and love, unstudied,
from the heart;
A whisper on the tumult thrown,—a transitory
breath,—
It raised a brother from the dust; it saved a
soul from death.
O germ! O fount! O word of love! O thought
at random cast!
Ye were but little at the first, but mighty at
the last.

—*Charles Mackay.*

GRANDFATHER'S WEDDING.

A Glimpse of the Past.

BY W. B. D.

In Day's Historical Collections of Pennsylvania, published nearly fifty years ago, and now out of print, we find the following graphic description of some of the convival scenes of the pioneers of the East, as related by Rev. Joseph Doddridge, which we transcribe, feeling assured that it will be read with interest and pleasure by both the old and the young of the present time:

"For a long time after the first settlement of the country, the inhabitants in general married young. There was no distinction of rank, and very little of fortune. On these accounts the first impression of love resulted in marriage; and a family establishment cost but a little labor and nothing else. A description of a wedding from the beginning to the end will serve to show the manners of our forefathers and mark the grade of civilization which has succeeded to their rude state of society in the course of a few years. At an early period, the practice of celebrating the marriage at the house of the bride began, and it should seem, with great propriety. She also has the choice of the priest to perform the ceremony.

A wedding engaged the attention of the whole neighborhood; and the frolic was anticipated by old and young with eager expectation. This is not to be wondered at when it is told that a wedding was almost the only gathering which was not only accompanied with the labor of reaping, log-rolling, building a cabin, and planning some scout or campaign.

In the morning of the wedding-day, the groom and his attendants assembled at the house of his father for the purpose of reaching the mansion of his bride by noon, which was the usual time for celebrating the nuptials, which for certain must take place before dinner.

Let the reader imagine an assemblage of people, without a store, tailor, or mantua-maker, within a hundred miles; and an assemblage of horses, without a blacksmith or sadler within an equal distance. The gentleman dressed in shoe-packs, moccasins, leather-breeches, leggins, linsey hunting-shirts, and all home-made. The ladies dressed in linsey petticoats, and linsey or linen bedgowns, coarse shoes, stockings, handkerchiefs, and buckskin gloves, if any. If there were any buckles, rings, buttons or ruffles they were the relics of old times; family pieces from parents or grand-parents. The horses were caparisoned with old saddles, old bridles or halters, and pack-saddles, with a bag or blanket strewn over them; a rope or string as often constituted the girth as a piece of leather.

The march in double file, was often interrupted by the narrowness and obstructions of our horse-paths, as they were called, for we had no roads, and those difficulties were often increased, sometimes by the good, and sometimes ill-will of neighbors, by falling trees, and tying grape-vines across the way. Sometimes an ambuscade was formed by the wayside, an unexpected discharge of several guns took place, so as to cover the wedding party with smoke. Let the the reader imagine the scene which followed this discharge; the sudden spring of the horses, the shrieks of the girls, and the chivalric bustle of their partners to save them from falling. Sometimes, in spite of all that could be done to prevent it, some were thrown to the ground. If a wrist, elbow, or ankle happened to be sprained it was tied with a handkerchief, and little more was said or thought about it.

Another ceremony commonly took place before the party reached the house of the bride, after the practice of making whiskey began, which was at an early period; when the party was about a mile from their place of destination, two young men would single out and run for the bottle; the worse the path, the more logs, brush and deep hollows, the better, as these obstacles afforded an opportunity for the greater display of intrepedity and horsemanship. The English fox-chase, in point of danger to the riders and their horses, is nothing to this race for the bottle. The start was announced by an Indian yell. Logs, brush, muddy hollows, hill and glen were spedily passed by the rival ponies. The bottle was always filled for the occasion, so there was no use for judges; for the first who reached the door was presented with the prize, with which he returned in triumph to the company. On approaching them he announced his victory over his rival by a shrill whoop. At the head of the troop he gave the bottle first to the groom and his attendants, and then to each pair in succession to the end of the line, giving each a dram; and then putting the bottle in the bosom of his hunting-shirt, took his station in the company.

The ceremony of the marriage preceded the dinner, which was a substantial backwoods feast of beef, pork, fowls, and sometimes venison and bear-meat, roasted and boiled, with plenty of potatoes, cabbage and other vegetables. During the dinner, the greatest hilarity always prevailed, although the table might be a large slab of timber, hewed out with a broadaxe, supported by four sticks set in auger holes; and the furniture, some old pewter dishes and plates; the rest, wooden bowls and trenchers; a few pewter spoons, much battered about the edges, were to be seen at some tables. The rest were made of horns. If knives were scarce, the deficiency was made up by the scalping-knives, which were carried in sheaths suspended to the belt of the hunting-shirt.

After dinner the dancing commenced, and generally lasted till the next morning. The figures of the dances were three and four-handed reels, or square setts and jigs. The commencement was always a square four, which was followed by what was called jigging it off; that is, two of the four would single off for a jig, and were followed by the remaining couple. The jigs were then accompanied with what was called cutting out; that is, when either of the parties became tired of the dance, on intimation, the place was supplied by some one of the company without any interruption of the dance. In this way a dance was often continued till the musician was heartily tired of his situation. Towards the latter part of the night, if any of the company, through weariness, attempted to conceal themselves, for the purpose of sleeping, they were hunted up, paraded on the floor, and the fiddler ordered to play "Hang out till to-morrow morning."

About nine or ten o'clock, a deputation of the young ladies stole off the bride, and put her to bed. In doing this, it frequently happened that they had to ascend a ladder instead of a pair of stairs, leading from the dining and ball-room to the loft, the floor of which was made of clapboards, lying loose and without nails. As the foot of the ladder was commonly behind the door, which was purposely opened for the occasion, and its rounds at the inner ends were well hung with hunting shirts, petticoats, and other articles of clothing; the candles hung on the opposite side of the house; the exit of the bride was noticed but by few. This done, a deputation of young men in like manner stole off the groom, and placed him snugly by the side of his bride.

The dance still continued; and if the seats happened to be scarce, which was often the case, every young man, when not engaged in the dance, was obliged to offer his lap as a seat for one of the girls; and the offer was sure to be accepted. In the midst of this hilarity, the bride and groom were not forgotten. Pretty late in the night, some one would remind the company that the new couple must stand in need of some refreshment; black Betty, which was the name of the bottle, was called for, and sent up the ladder; but sometimes black Betty did not go alone. I have many times seen as much bread, beef, pork and cabbage, sent along with her, as would afford a good meal for half a dozen hungry men. The young couple were compelled to eat and drink more or less of whatever was offered them.

It often happened that some neighbors or relations, not being asked to the wedding, took offence; and the mode of revenge adopted by them on such occasions, was that of cutting off the manes, foretops and tails of the horses of the wedding company.

On returning to the infare, the order of procession, and the race for black Betty was the same as before. The feasting and dancing often lasted for several days, at the end of which the whole company were so exhausted with loss of sleep, that several days' rest were requisite to fit them to return to their ordinary labors.

CHURCH-GOING ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

If we would form a vivid conception of the State of things one hundred years ago, we must lose sight of the wonderful inventions and discoveries, the conveniences and comforts, that distinguish the present age; we must forget, for the time, our national greatness—the towns, cities, and States that have sprung up as if by magic; we must look out upon an almost unbroken wilderness, and see the brave and hardy pioneer engaged in leveling forests, contending with wild beasts and savage men, and in the midst of perils and privations, laying the foundation of civil, religious, and educational institutions, which are the glory of the present period.

When we think of church-going, we must forget the fashionably dressed and undisturbed assemblages of the present, and imagine great congregations of people assembled in the woods, God's first temples, there to praise and worship their Creator—the men, and sometimes even the women, armed, and sentinels keeping watch at a distance lest prowling savages should rush upon them with tomahawk and scalping-knife. We must forget our splendid city cathedrals, with their stained glass windows, cushioned seats, and brilliant chandeliers, and think of rude log buildings, such as the early settlers were accustomed to worship in, roofed with clap-boards and seated with rough benches, without any stoves or heating apparatus of any kind; for, in those days, the people regarded even a stove as a needless provision for the flesh, an innovation upon well-established customs of coolness, and even a desecration of God's house. They expected the ministers to warm themselves up by their preaching, and this they often did.

It is related that one very cold day, while Rev. John McMillian, of Chartiers, Pa., was preaching in his log church, the people disturbed him by shuffling their feet in order to keep them warm. He stopped his sermon and told the congregation he would give them a few minutes to knock the snow off their shoes, after which he would resume his service and expect to proceed without any more noise.

If we are to believe the traditions of the fathers, carefully handed down in various localities, it would seem that in more than one place the new stove, even without fire, produced much heat, faintings, conflicts and diversions; and an instructive chapter might be written upon the single topic upon the progress made within the limits of the century, as shown in the changes and improvements made in lighting and warming our churches.

THE APPLETONS' GREAT WORK.

The Men, Women, and Children Engaged in Making the American Cyclopædia.

From the New York Evening Post.

A literary work, in sixteen royal octavo volumes, which has engaged the services of two editors in chief, six associate editors, twenty-four revisers, and more than five hundred contributors, has occupied three years in preparation, has, even before completion, secured forty-five thousand subscribers, and returned to its publishers more than $4,000,000 while the last volume is still in press, is an object of more than ordinary interest.

The purpose of the editors of the new edition of Appletons' American Cyclopædia has been to put the work published in 1857-63 fully abreast of the times, and thus to present a panoramic view of all human knowledge.

The work of the editors begins by selecting a staff of assistants and revisers, fifteen or twenty of whom work regularly day after day in the publishing house on Broadway. To each writer, whether in New York or out of it, his subject or subjects are assigned, and in a short time the manuscripts begin to come in; but no article contributed to the Cyclopædia, appears there as at first written. Each passes successively through the hands of three or four scholars, who exercise their skill and learning in examining, amending and sifting its contents. Accuracy is the very first consideration, and no pains are spared to secure it. After the article has been set up in type, the proof is subjected to several additional revisions; and those contributions which deal with biographical and geographical matters receive no less than ten distinct and careful re-examinations. Expressions of opinion on controverted points of science, politics or theology are cut out forthwith; the very latest information on the subject in hand is appended; an American point of view in distinction from an English, French or German one is steadfastedly maintained; and where the style of writing is heavy or obscure it is made simple, forcible and attractive. When the facts are incomplete they are supplemented; when partially or inaccurately stated they are amended and corrected; when out of date they are discarded; when badly expressed they are expressed well.

After the author and editor come the compositor, the stereotypher, the pressman, and the binder. The large factory in Brooklyn would teach most persons more things in an hour than they could forget in a lifetime. There are the clever little folding machines, each of which can fold daily twelve thousand large sheets three times, while even the most active and experienced young woman thinks herself smart and wins for herself credit if she can dispose of four hundred sheets in an hour. There is the smashing machine, which hammers the leaves close and flat, after they have been collected into a volume from the gathering table, compressing their contents into a third their former size. There is the sawing machine, which saws across the backs of these volumes five openings large enough to admit the twine with which they are fastened; and the peculiarly constructed sewing machine—a recent American invention, by which half the cost of hand sewing is saved—which sews each leaf securely in its place. It operates as easily and as rapidly almost as a loom, and sends its shuttle between every two sheets as regularly and deftly as could be wished. There is the cutting machine, which trims first the fore edges, and then, when the backs have been glued and rounded, cuts off the ends of the volumes also. There is the backing machine, which spreads out the backs with a roller, and makes an indentation for the boards of the covers. There is the stamping machine, which stamps the covers according to any desired pattern, and the hydraulic press, which squeezes the finished books, as they lie on their sides, until they are dry.

If the returns from such a work are large the outlay is large, too. Every page of printed matter means from $10 to $50 to the writer of it; so that the average cost of preparing the manuscript of each volume is no less than $24,000. To this must be added $6,000 as the average cost of the illustrations. Before the printer sees the book it has cost the publishers $30,000. The cost of type setting and of stereotype and electrotype plates is about $6,000 per volume; that of printing, $11,000 per volume. The cost of binding depends, of course, upon the kind of material used; about one-eighth of the copies sold are bound in cloth, about two-eighths in leather, and about five-eighths in half morocco. In filling the orders already received nearly three million pounds of paper have been used; and in type setting, printing, binding more than seven hundred men, women, boys, and girls are employed.

AN EYE-WITNESS' ACCOUNT OF CORNWALLIS' SURRENDER.

Not long since, being at Yorktown, Virginia, I fell into a discussion with a very old negro man, who was quite communicative. As nearly as I can recall the words his narrative was as follows:

"I see Gen. Washington? Yes, sah! Why, I was here all de time. See de British? See Cornwallis? To be 'sho; wasn't I here—right here—all de time? Suttenly—I seen 'em all. Now I tell you, massa. I see Gen. Washington, and he was a settin' on his hoss, and a eat'n' of a peach; and Cornwallis he come out, a slippin' around to get away, and he start out down toward de creek, and he start to run, but Gen. Washington, he see him d'rectly, an' he started arter him; and Gen. Washington, he didn't want to take no advantage of him, so he run well—an' pretty soon he catch Cornwallis, an' he catch him by de neck, an' say: 'You damn scoundril, I got you!' And Cornwallis, he turn round, an' handed Mr. Gen'l Washington his sword, and Gen'l Washington he jess took it an' cut his head off! See it? To be sho' I see it. I was right here all de time, massa—how I gwine help see it? Jess as I tell you. Gen'l Washington was a sittin' on his hoss, an' eatin' of a peach—"

But it is not necessary to repeat the old man's story as often as he did. Suffice it to say that he never varied it in any particular, thus furnishing one of the best indicia of veracity and accuracy.—*Fredericksburg* (Va.) *News.*

APPLE BLOSSOM.

O, bloom of the apple so bright!
Rich rose bloom dissolving in white!
When Phœbus's brush
Wrought thy beautiful blush,
It must have been dipped in the dawn's tender flush
Of softest, most exquisite light.

The blossom of Ariel art thou,
"The blossom that hangs on the bough?"
That sweet cowslip bell
A wild story might tell
Of the feasts on the sward, where the petals so well
Adorn its brave Malachite brow.

He may lead pretty Mab by the hand,
To trip with his light-footed band
Here on blossom-strewed rings,
While the nightingale sings,
And the bats wheel in time, with their broad flapping wings,
Till they bear the rays home to their land.

O, bloom of the apple! my rhyme
Should be read after day's golden prime,
When flowers go to sleep,
And pale stars rise and peep
Into orchards where spirits a revel might keep,
And elfin hearts airily chime!

OPPOSITION TO GREAT INVENTIONS.

TRADITION says that John Faust, one of the three inventors of printing, was charged with multiplying books by the aid of the devil, and was prosecuted both by the priests and the people. The strongest opposition to the press has, however, been presented in Turkey. The art of printing had existed three hundred years before a printing-press was established in Constantinople. From 1626 to 1740 that press issued only twenty-three volumes. It was then stopped, and did not resume its issues until after an interval of more than forty years. About 1780 a press was established in Scutari, and between 1780 and 1807 issued forty volumes. Again its operations were not resumed until 1820, since which time it has worked more industriously than heretofore, although fettered with the paternal oversight of the Turkish government.

The ribbon-loom is an invention of the sixteenth century; and on the plea that it deprived many workmen of bread, it was prohibited in Holland, in Germany, in the dominions of the church, and in other countries of Europe. At Hamburg the council ordered a loom to be publicly burned. The stocking-loom shared the fate of the ribbon-loom. In England the patronage of Queen Elizabeth was requested for the invention, and it is said that the inventor was impeded rather than assisted in his undertaking. In France opposition to the stocking-loom was of the most base and cruel kind. A Frenchman who had adopted the invention, manufactured by the loom a pair of silk stockings for Louis XIV. The parties, however, who supplied hosiery to the court caused several of the loops of the stockings to be cut, and thus brought the stocking-loom into disrepute at head-quarters.

Table forks appear so necessary a part of the furniture of the dinner-table that one can scarcely believe that the tables of the sixteenth century, were destitute of them. They were not, however, introduced until the commencement of the seventeenth century, and then were ridiculed as superfluous and effeminate, while the person who introduced them to Europe was called Furcifer. They were invented in Italy, and brought thence to England; napkins being used in this country by the polite, and fingers by the multitude.

The saw-mill was brought into England from Holland in 1663; but its introduction so displeased the English that the enterprise was abandoned. A second attempt was then made at Limehouse, and the mill was erected; but soon after its erection it was pulled down by a mob.

Pottery is glazed by throwing common salt into the oven at a certain stage of the baking. This mode of baking was introduced into this country in 1690 by two brothers, who came to Staffordshire from Muremburg. Their success and their secrecy so enraged their neighbors that they were compelled to give up their works.

The pendilum was invented by Galileo, but so late as the end of the seventeeth century, when Hooke brought it forward as a standard measure, it was ridiculed, and passed by the nickname of swing-swang.

—The pith and substance of all the volumes that have ever been written on the treatment of the horse is contained in the following, entitled "The Horse's Prayer." It is worth preserving:—

Going up the hill, whip me not;
Coming down hill, hurry me not;
on level ground, spare me not;
Loose in stable, forget me not.

Of hay and corn, rob me not;
Of clean water, taint me not;
With sponge and water, neglect me not.
Of soft, dry bed, deprive me not.

Tired or hot, wash me not;
If sick or cold, chill me not;
With bit or reins, O! jerk me not;
And when you are angry, strike me not.

THE NAME OF GOD.

The following list, comprising the name of God in forty-eight languages, was compiled by the well-known French philogist, Louis Berger, in the following manner:

One day, as he was walking along the streets of Paris, he heard a voice beseeching him to buy some nuts. Upon looking back he discovered that it was the voice of his old barber, who was gaining a scanty living by selling nuts on the street. To aid him he hastily made out and gave to the barber the following list:

Hebrew—Elohim, Eloah.	Irish—Dia.
Chaldaic—Illiah.	Olalu Tongue—Deu.
Assyrian—Eloah.	German and Swiss—Gott.
Syriac and Turkish—Alah.	Flemish—Goed.
Malay—Alla.	Dutch—Godt.
Arabic—Allah.	English—God.
Language of the Magi—Orsi.	Teutonic—Gotb.
Old Egyptian—Teut.	Danish and Swedish—Gut.
Armenian—Teuti.	Norwegian—Gud.
Modern Egyptian—Teum.	Slave—Buch.
Greek—Theos.	Polish—Bog.
Cretan—Teios	Poloese—itung.
Æolian and Doric—Ilos.	Lapp.—Jabmel.
Latic—Deus.	Finish—Jumala.
Low Latin—Diex.	Runic—As.
Celtic and Gallic—Diu.	Z mblain—Fetizo.
French—Dieu.	Pannonian—Isten.
Spanish—Dios.	Hindostanee—Rain.
Portugese—Deos.	Coromandel—Brama.
Old German—Diet.	Tartar—Mogatal.
Provincial—Dieu.	Persian—Sirs.
Low Breton—Doue.	Chinese—Prussa
Italian—Dio.	Japanese—Gozur.
	Madagascar—Zanaar.
	Peruvian—Pachecammac.

By the sale of these lists the barber was enabled to make as good a living, if not better, than Mr. Berger himself.—*New York Tablet.*

THE EMPEROR AT BUNKER HILL.

The janitor who has charge of Bunker Hill Monument, arriving at about half-past seven, Friday morning, to open the premises, found two strangers in waiting. One, a tall, gray-bearded man, in a slouch hat, asked if they could ascend the monument.

"Yes," said the custodian, "you can for twenty-five cents" (holding out his hand).

The stranger produced the money and the custodian unlocked the door and forthwith commenced sweeping out, raising a cloud of dust, and paying no especial attention to his visitor, who was looking about him curiously, until, half choked with dust, he inquired "if these were the steps."

"Yes, all right, go ahead, go right up till you get to the top."

The visitor and his companion did as they were bid, and stayed some half an hour enjoying the beautiful panoramic view from the summit, after which they descended, and were quietly walking away when they were hailed by the custodian with:

"H'yar, just write your names in this book; all visitors that go up the monument sign their names here."

The gray-bearded man laughed, and signed his name, and the two departed.

The custodian never looked at the book, but some hours afterwards was electrified by one of the officers of the Monument Association who chanced to come in, asking him in the most agitated manner, when Dom Pedro, the Emperor of Brazil, had been there?

"Hasn't been here at all" was the reply.

"Hasn't been here? Why, here is his signature on your visitors' book. What does this mean?"

"What," says the custodian, rushing up to the volume. "Why, good! that was written by a tall man with a slouch hat."

And so it was, but the tall man was the Emperor of Brazil, and this was the way he ascended the Bunker Hill Monument, just like "any other man."

TORTURING THE BIRDS.

How Feather Ornaments are Obtained.

Our lady readers probably have but little idea of the process used in preparing the feather ornaments which are now so comonly worn upon the hats of the fair sex. If those who wear such ornaments knew the tortures to which these helpless little creatures are subjected, and the heartless cruelty with which the business is carried on, they would shrink from even indirect complicity in it. Of course the impression prevails that all birds used for personal decoration are killed immediately when caught, and prepared in the ordinary way by taxidermists; but here is just where the mistake is made. The birds are taken alive, and while living the skin is skillfully stripped from their quivering, ghastly bodies. By this process it is claimed the feathers retain a firmer hold upon the skin. Such is the method by which all birds used in the decoration of ladies' are prepared. Think of the exquisite humming bird, the blue bird, the cardinal bird, the oriole, and numberless others of beautiful plumage, struggling beneath the knife of the heartless operator; think of this, tender-hearted ladies, as your admiring gaze rests on the latest novelties of fashion by which our city belles are crowned! Hundreds of thousands of birds of the brightest plumage are literally flayed alive every year, and so long as our ladies will consent to wear such ornaments, just so long will this cruel business continue. The Baroness Burdette-Coutts has placed herself at the head of a movement in England designed to put an end to the brutal business, and it is to be hoped that she will meet with cordial encouragement and co-operation on this side of the Atlantic.

A STORY OF THE PRINCE IMPERIAL.

Here is an anecdote of the childhood of the Prince Imperial that has just been made public. It appears that when quite a little fellow he was very fond of going to play among the soldiers of the Imperial Guard who were quartered in that palace. Napoleon III, wishing to see his heir popular with the army, encouraged him in these frolics. These rough playmates were, of course, very careful to shape their conversation as much as possible to suit the age and rank of the boy, but sometimes an oath would slip out unawares, and, though the offence was always followed by an apology, it was pretty sure to be repeated. It so happened about this time that the heir to the throne was named president of some learned commission.

"Now, be careful," said Napoleon, to the little prince, "when you find yourself in the presence of these gentlemen, to put them at their ease, as much as possible, and not to interfere with their conversation."

The child promised to remember this advice; and so one day, instead of going to play with his beloved Guards, he was solemnly presented to the learned association in question. Its members, mostly grave and aged men, profoundly saluted the heir to the throne, and an instant of silence succeeded.

"O, gentlemen!" cried the little prince, with his mother's own sweet and gracious smile, "don't let me disturb anybody—you can go on swearing!"

THE envious man is tormented not only by all the ills that befall himself but by all the good that happens to another. He is made gloomy not only by his own cloud but by another's sunshine.

SYMPTOMS OF CATARRH.

Dull, heavy headache, obstruction of the nasal passages, discharge falling into the throat, sometimes profuse, watery acrid, thick and tenacious mucous, purulent, muco-purulent, bloody, putrid, offensive, etc. In others, a dryness, dry, watery, weak or inflamed eyes, ringing in ears, deafness, hawking and coughing to clear the throat, ulcerations, scabs from ulcers, voice altered, nasal twang, offensive breath, impaired smell and taste, dizziness, mental depression, tickling cough, etc. Only a few of the above symptoms are likely to be present in any case at one time.

When applied with Dr. Pierce's Nasal Douche, and accompanied with Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as constitutional treatment, Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy produces perfect cures of the worst cases of Catarrh Cures of many years' standing. This thorough course of medication constitutes the only scientific, rational, safe and successful manner of treating this odious disease that has ever been offered to the afflicted.

REVIEWER'S NOTES.

From Catholic Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Notes on Portugal, by E. A. G.

This is a descriptive and historical work, designed to give the American reader some information about a country of which much that is of interest is not generally known. Indeed, a history of Portugal in the English language, has not yet been written, we believe, which makes this book the more valuable and instructive. The author, from his high social rank and position, enjoys peculiar facilities for obtaining the most reliable and authentic statistics and other valuable dates given, and his article on the industries and commerce of Portugal, with special reference to her commerce with the United States, is especially worthy of consideration.

From Scribner, Armstrong & Co., publishers, New York.

Men and Manners in America One Hundred Years Ago. Edited by H. E. Scudder.

This is the second volume of the "Sans Souci Series," being published by this firm, and makes a very timely appearance, being a very entertaining and extremely interesting compilation from the contemporary literature of the Revolutionary period. There is a large fund of amusing stories, gossip and familiar description of the persons distinguished in this country during that period, and of the social customs then prevailing.

Theophilus and Others. By Mary Mapes Dodge, author of "Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates," "Rhymes of Tingles, etc.

The friends of Mrs. Dodge will be glad to have, in one volume, a collection of the articles that have made her name so familiar to the public, and which are written in the piquant and fascinating style so characteristic of the authoress.

Appleton's Journal, July, 1873.

The weekly issue of this well known journal has ended, and in its place now appears a "Monthly." We are very much pleased indeed with its appearance; the cover is very neat and attractive, without being showy; the size has been reduced, so as to make it more convenient for the book shelf, and the price has been reduced to $3.00 per annum.

From T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philadelphia.

The Massacre of Glencoe. By George W. M. Reynolds, author of "Mysteries of London," etc.

Whitney's Musical Guest, for June, 1873.

In variety and character of contents, this is the best number of this journal we have yet seen. Among its contents are Whittier's Centennial Hymn; a review of Mr. Lang's Centennial Cantata, and other interesting literary matter. There are 13 pages of new music, by G. Lange, J. E. Ecker, and others.

NEW MUSIC.

From S. T. Gordon & Son, 18 S. Fourteenth street, New York.

"Pull Down the Blinds," waltz, by E. Mack. "A Song of Faith," words from "Bitter Sweet," a poem by T. G. Holland, music by Thomas P. Murphy. "Eleonores," waltz, by A. Parlow. "Centennial waltz," by Dr. A. Th. Schultz. "Pique," waltz, by Dr. H. Th. Schultz.

From O. J. Whitney & Co., Detroit, Mich.

"The Bandit's Galop," composed by E. G. Thomas. "I heard a Voice in the Tranquil Night," duet words by J. E. Carpenter, music by Stephen Glover. Parts Nos. 3, 4 and 5 of "Studies for the Piano-forte," by Charles Gerny. "Woman's Prayer," song for the piano, M. H. McChesney. "Vogesen March" by F. Zikoff. "Rose de Peronne," Brilliante Fantasie, for piano, by Henry Rosellen. "Traumbilder," Fantasie, by H. C. Quinbye.

We have received the following from Messrs. White, Smith & Co., Boston, Mass.

Cherry Bird Waltz, by H. T. Bennett. "Help Drive the Wedge," a temperance quartette, can be sung as a solo; words and music by C. A. White. "The Old Home Aint What it Use to be;" arranged for the banjo by George C. Dobson; words by C. A. White. "O, Let me Rest in Thy Love Divine," quartette with solos for alto and bass, and duets for soprano and tenor, by Eben H. Bailey. "Only a Message from Home," solo, duett and chorus; words and chorus by C. A. White. "Offertoire" in C, for organ, by Eben H. Bailey.

DOBBINS' ELECTRIC SOAP, (made by Cragin & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.,) will satisfy the most doubting, of its great merit. Pure and white as snow. Try it. Make your grocer get it.

RECEIPTS.

IT is stated upon German authority that the unpleasant taste imparted to milk and butter by feeding turnips, etc., may be removed by simply throwing into each pan of milk of four or five quarts, as much saltpetre as will lie on the point of a knife, when a reddish mass will separate from the milk and settle to the bottom.

FERN LEAVES ON GLASS.—Handsome ornaments can be made by mounting fern leaves on glass. The leaves must be dyed or colored. They are then arranged on the mirror according to fancy. A butterfly or two may be added. Then a sheet of clear glass of the same size is placed on the top, and the two sheets secured together at the edges and placed in a frame.

TO EXTERMINATE BLACK BEETLES.—Place a lump of unslaked lime where they frequent. Set a dish or tray, containing a little beer or syrup at the bottom, and place a few sticks leaning against its sides, so as to form a sort of gangway for the beetles to climb up by when they will go headlong in the bait set for them. Mix equal weights of red lead, sugar and flour, and place it nightly near their haunts. This mixture, made into sheets, forms the beetle wafers sold at the shops.

TO REMOVE INK FROM PAPER.—Take one pound of chloride of lime, thoroughly pulverized, and four quarts soft water. Shake thoroughly and let stand twenty-four hours; strain through a cotton cloth; add a teaspoonful of acetic acid to every ounce of the chloride of lime water. Dip a stick in the fluid, and apply it without rubbing to the blot. When the ink has disappeared, absorb the fluid with a blotter, and the paper is immediately ready to write upon again.

RESTORING FADED DRESSES.—Rusty black goods of any material except silk can be restored with a light cost and little trouble. Collect all the old black worsted material you have, and put it into about two pailfuls of boiling suds in which have been dissolved two spoonfuls of the extract of logwood, and the same of copperas; boil the goods five minutes stirring all the time; drain, and rinse out all the dye, then dip in a pail of water in which an ounce of gum Arabic has been dissolved, from when half dry, on the wrong side. Faded drab or slate colors can be restored by saving the grounds and slops of the teapot until you have a pailful; boil in clear water and finish same as the black. The bark of the beech tree colors a fine drab, set with copperas, and neither will fade. They color cotton as well as woolen.

INVISIBLE INKS.—The following are the most common invisible inks: 1. Sulphate of copper and sal ammoniac, equal parts, dissolved in water; writes colorless, but turns yellow when heated. 2. Onion juice, like the last. 3. A weak infusion of galls; turns black when moistened with weak copperas water. 4. A weak solution of sulphate of iron; turns blue when moistened with a weak solution of prussiate of potass, and black with infusion of galls. 5. The diluted solutions of nitrate of silver and terchloride of gold darken when exposed to the sunlight. 6. Aqua fortis, spirits of salt, oil of vitriol, common salt or saltpetre dissolved in a large quantity of water; turns yellow or brown when heated. 7. Solution of nitromuriate of cobalt turns green when heated, and disappears again on cooling. 8. Solution of acetate of cobalt, to which a little ether has been added, becomes rose-colored when heated and disappears on cooling.

Gouraud's Lily White.—This delightful compound is intended to supplant the noxious articles which have been heretofore used by ladies for whitening the cuticle, such as prepared chalk, Paris-white, plaster of Paris, &c. Unlike the pernicious and unnatural whites adverted to, GOURAUD'S LILY WHITE gives a delicious softness, smoothness, brilliance and perfectly *life-like* whiteness to the complexion. When used after the skin has been thoroughly washed with GOURAUD'S ITALIAN MEDICATED SOAP, the effect is luxurious and delightful in the extreme. It is also very valuable for gentlemen with tender skins and stiff beards—as it completely allays the irritation consequent on shaving. *Mothers* should also use it on their babes, as it is much superior to common powder for that purpose.

Thirty-five cents a box. Depot, 48 Bond street, New York. For sale by Druggists.

The Saturday Evening Post
PHILADELPHIA
1876
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Saturday Evening, July 22, 1876.

ANOTHER ATTRACTION.

We announce with great pleasure, in which our readers have good reason to share, the engagement of Mr. J. Elbert Powell as associate editor of the Saturday Evening Post, who will devote his strength to adding to its literary attractions. Although yet a young man, Mr. Powell is well known in literary circles, his graceful pen having enriched the pages of the leading magazines of this country with both prose and poetical contributions. An Alabamian by birth and education, but for years past a resident of the North, his experience fits him to understand and minister to the literary tastes of and sympathise with the people of both sections.

NO MUD THROWING.

It seems evident, from the opening moves of the exciting political campaign, on which the country is now entering, that we shall be spared much of the disgraceful malignity which has at times shown itself by bitter personal attacks on the private characters of candidates. That a man has been counted fit by either of the great political parties to occupy the highest place in the nation, ought of itself to be strong enough *prima-facie* evidence that he is sufficiently worthy of respect to be shielded from base treatment. If in the past there have been personal weaknesses of candidates, which friends deplored and enemies magnified into crimes, there were with them sterling qualities which in the estimation of generous minds so far outweighed the minor failings, that it was the basest injustice to bring forward the unfavorable points, and try to make them the prominent features. The artist who expends his skill in exaggerating the wart which marks an otherwise fine face well earns the scorn of all decent men.

Happily, in the present instance, political friends and foes alike concede to each of the candidates named for the Presidency, and their associates, possession of high moral worth. In this respect, in feeling assured that the country is not to be dishonored by men open to unworthy imputation, there is abundant reason for congratulation. While it is impracticable and not altogether desirable that all should agree in opinion, we can and ought to have unanimity of decency. Let the battle of sound reasons, strong arguments, and hard facts go on with spirit, but let the first mud-thrower be promptly smothered.

WHY NOT MARRY?

There are few social conditions more deprecable than the manifest aversion of the young men of the present to matrimony, and it becomes a question of practical moment, why such a state of affairs exists. Is it because there is less of the true essence of old-fashioned love than formerly in the composition of society? Is it because easy divorce laws in many States have tended to despoil matrimony of some of its most sacred virtues? Is it because mothers-in-law have become more formidable? In a few exceptional instances, either of the foregoing reasons may suffice to explain the difficulty, but, generally, the disposition to court the protection of celibacy arises from a fear to encounter the supposed extravagance of the married state.

Young men think that the support of a wife necessarily entails such adjuncts as brown-stone fronts, with liveried servants, and a profusion of diamonds and satins and velvets and lace, gilded with just enough love to disarm popular criticism. Moreover, they imagine that no eligible young lady would be satisfied with less. And just here the gravest mistake of life is made. The young ladies of America are gifted with far more discernment in matters of practical value, than is usually accredited to them. Every city and village and hamlet in our entire land, from Maine to Texas, is teeming with noble, faithful, trusting girls, anxious to surrender the ostentatious grandeur of fashion, with its follies and frailties, for the pure serenity of a worthy man's love.

Young men fall too often to recognize the incalculable advantages resulting from a union of hearts and hopes and purposes.

There is a divinity in the human soul, fallen though it be. That divinity is woman's influence, and that influence can do more than all the political aspirations in Christiandom towards awakening in man that heaven-born nobility, that illuminates the splendid sphere in which he was ordained to shine. A true man would rather feel the influence of a pure woman, and listen to the sweet cadence of her voice, cheering him on to something higher and grander, than to hear in his praise the wild notes of the martial bugle, or the muttering thunder of a nation's applause.

Let him, who would accomplish the greatest work in life, seek the companionship of a noble woman, and cherishing her love, he may carve his name where the morning sun of fame will first reveal it, and where its evening rays will love to linger longest.

MORE FUN WANTED.

Since all the world loves fun, the absence of it at the Centennial Exposition is noteworthy. Strength, skill, taste, imagination show their triumphs, and all must wonder at the almost infinite thought, toil and care required to produce them. A few pictures and photographs of a humorous nature are shown, and a smile occasionally is caused by the grotesqueness of some of the carvings, ornamentations of pottery ware etc., but there are no centres of comicality; no strong points around which the attracted crowd give the hearty laugh which ought here and there to come in to fill and round out the chorus of admiration and applause.

It may be suggested that such displays would be unworthy the occasion. Not so; holiday times are the most appropriate for merriment. Neither is fun unworthy the very highest company. It is the almost inseparable companion of innocence, and exhales from the fullest life, as perfume from a flower at its perfection. Immobility of the risables indicates failing vitality. A good side-shaking is the best anti-dyspeptic exercise. The best laughers are the longest livers; torpid livers are fruitful of disease.

A day's journey through the Centennial Ground would not be half as tiresome if the constantly recurring Ah's! and Oh's! of admiration could be more frequently reversed into the ha! ha! and ho! ho! of humorous delight. Some jolly inventive machinist would have bestowed a boon worthy of special mention by contriving apparatus to work "just for the fun of it" which with proper chucklings and amusing surprises might relieve the clatter and groan and fearfully tiresome industry of surrounding grim iron monsters. Who will kindly give us an electric smile, a steam laugh, a cast iron joke, or a well assorted display of textile puns.

POPULAR EDUCATION.

The idea of popular instruction was brought to the New World by our ancestors in the seventeenth century, and has here found its most appropriate home. Puritan, Hollander, Huguenots, and Scots or Scottish-Irish, they had seen that most of the sufferings and persecutions had sprung from ignorance and blind fanaticism. They had become in Europe the most intellectual and studious of its people, and, amidst the colonies, planted almost at their first landing the printing-press and the school. Knowledge they thought the proper cure for social evils. It was the school-master and the school-house, they believed, that alone could save them from sinking into barbarism, and revive a more than Attic refinement in the dismal wilderness. Massachusetts and Connecticut early passed laws that might seem severe even to our present conception of the duties and powers of the State. Every father of a family was obliged under a considerable penalty to see that his children were taught to read and write, and were instructed in the elements of morals and religion. The provision was apparently enforced, and it is possible that the people of New England in the seventeenth century were better educated than those of any European nation. In the present century Germany has outstripped Massachusetts. But the honorable race is still to be run, and it may be hoped that the next and all succeeding centuries will witness a generous strife among the nations which can do most to cultivate the popular intellect. As school-masters alone can legislators hope to be successful. Mental equality is the foundation of popular sovereignty, and we must conclude with the Greek philosopher that no political institutions can be made lasting without the cement of a common education.

It may not be generally known that the eagle, raven, swan, and parrot are each centenarians. An eagle kept in Vienna, died after a confinement of one hundred and fourteen years, and in an ancient oak in Shelborne, England, still known as the "raven tree," the same pair of ravens are believed to have fixed their residence for a series of more than ninety years. Swans upon the river Thames, about whose age there can be no mistake—since they are annually picked by the Vintners' Company, under whose keeping they have been for five centuries—have been known to survive one hundred and fifty years and more.

A STAR BEHIND THE CLOUD.

No matter how dark the night,
No matter how black the clouds may be,
Up to the shrouded sky,
Hidden from watching eye,
Glitters a star for me.

Silvery bright and clear,
Out in the fields of fadeless blue,
Heedless of cloud and rain,
Fearless of death and pain,
Golden stars in their silent sphere
Twinkle and burn for you.

Summer and winter the same;
No matter if storm-clouds surge and roll
Like waves on the frenzied sea;
In heaven's bright gallery
Twinkle and glow, with a quenchless flame,
These types of the soul!

No matter how dark thy life;
No matter how gloomy thy watch may be;
'Mid sorrow, and pain, and care,
Still watching thee everywhere—
Back of the curtain of earthly strife
Twinkles a Star for thee!

AT THE CENTENNIAL EXHIBITION.

Upon each successive visit to the Exhibition, some new field of study or interest seems to unfold. No satiety in mere seeing can dampen the enthusiasm of such who go not as superficial sight-seers, but as earnest students of the many treasures in Art and Science, which greet them on every side. Within our experience, we find something new, turn where we will, something overlooked in a general survey, when the endeavor of the mind seems to be to comprehend too much, all that meets the eye, and by so doing, defeats its own object, and sees understandingly too little. Now as often as we have passed through the Main Building, we neglected to see, or else saw in the way above alluded to, the very interesting exhibit of native skill and the products from the

COLONIES OF THE NETHERLANDS,

back of the Central Stand, which contains many things of great interest. A curious wooden model met our eyes. A near inspection proved it to be a

NATIVE SPINNING WHEEL FROM JAVA.

The foundation has an odd resemblance to a "wagon tongue;" upon the cross-piece at the end, are two upright posts, neatly turned. A round piece runs through them, having a handle at one end, such as is used upon old fashioned wells in country places. In the centre, and working upon this round piece for a pivot are two wheels much the shape of the spinning wheel as known to us; these are bound together by twine crossing from one ring to another in diamond shaped lattice-work.

Another model was a native instrument for cotton cleaning. It resembled a small panel of a board fence, through which a piece of wood was run, having a screw on one end and a handle on the other.

Beautifully arranged sheaves of native Rice and other grains, among them many familiar to our own section, such as Millet and varieties of Cane Seed, were grouped on each side of the doorway leading into the next division of the Exhibit.

Several large books lay on one side. Upon opening one, we found it to contain illustrations of the

FRUITS, FLOWERS AND TREES OF JAVA,

done by a woman too, with short and excellent descriptions of each specimen delineated.

A prettily written, and in fact, pathetic appeal to the sympathies of her sex, appears in the dedication in the commencement of the book. Exiled by circumstances in this foreign Island, deprived by death of her husband, who was the Governor of the Island, the writer goes on to tell how the idea of supporting herself by attempting such a work as this, suggested itself to her. She speaks eloquently of the difficulties she had to encounter, and alludes very gratefully to those who rendered her aid. The coloring of the Fruits and Flowers is beautifully done—the rich tropical coloring of the blossoms and strangely formed tints, showing in glowing contrast to the dark, glossy green of the leaves. The name of the Artist and Author is Madame Bertha Hoola Van Nooten.

Curious articles in a dark, open-work material, attracted the attention of many. They were found to be made of

CLOVES,

which, as we know, are the blossom buds of the tree. These were strung upon fine wire, in many ingenious ways, and formed into vases, boxes, and an odd looking Junk Boat, with rigging sides, spars, etc., all of cloves. A fragrant fancy, or as a bystander remarked, "a *spicy* idea, that."

Near by, were draped all manner of stuffs of native manufacture, from the plaided red and blue Madras ginghams, to a rich brocade wrought in gold threads, embroidered in spangles and having a fringe of queer, little metal tags, shaped like the point of a spear. These were from Sumatra.

A NATIVE LOOM,

with the red and blue Madras plaid in process of being made, and having shuttles of bamboo, with a small, finely woven basket of wicker-work to hold bobbins of thread not in use was shown. It was interesting from its odd contrivances, and bore no little resemblance to a primitive style of loom yet to be seen in some parts of the South, and which the last war called into active use.

SMALL IDOLS

of hideous shape, made of a white clay, were interesting, from the fact that a very careful account of them had been written in some unknown tongue, and carefully pasted on! What a desire one has to penetrate the mystery of a hieroglyphical announcement.

Before we leave this industrious little Island, we may not omit the mention of Kindergarten blocks; of chemical apparatus; and models in plaster of paris for schools of design, which show a very marked progress in civilization.

Books, maps, counting slates, globes, all are shown.

As we pass from aisle to aisle, through the great building, a continuous harmony of musical sounds makes a sort of "running accompaniment" to one's thoughts and steps. Coming from so many different instruments, and speaking in such varied tones, one would think the result would be discord; but it is not so. Above all the minor sounds, the voice of the great organ predominates, and yet blends with the others, mingling, as the refrain of brooks and rills with the flow of a mighty river.

American industry as exhibited in the very excellent display of musical instruments, merits high commendation and proves that not alone in the old world may music find her home.

TWO ORGANS EXHIBITED BY HORACE WATERS AND SONS, OF NEW YORK,

especially interested us, both for marked sweetness of tone and complete finish in all details. The smaller one being called the "Waters' Concerto Parlor Organ," taking its name from the *concerto stop*, which is arranged upon a new plan, patented by the inventor. Among the ten stops which it possesses, the concerto gives the most charming result, having the effect of a deep yet sweet contralto voice in singing. Under a skillful touch the varied shades of tones produced by the use of this stop are so delicately defined as to almost delude one into the belief that it is not alone the organ voice that makes the sweet harmony. For proof of the completeness of detail, we need only mention that besides the convenient book or music closets on each side, and the brackets for lamps, there is in the centre of the top panel of the head-piece, a tiny *clock*, intended, perhaps, besides its legitimate use, to emphasize the axiom that "good time is absolutely necessary to harmony in music."

In the larger instrument the

WATERS' CENTENNIAL CONCERTO ORGAN

the effect of the concerto stop is yet more richly perceived. By a new and duplicate adaptation of the swells of that instrument, the transition from forte to piano, or *vice versa*, is made with an ease that needs to be heard to be justly appreciated. A noticeable feature is a set of chimes of two and a half octaves of *bells* tuned in correct accord with the reeds. When used alone, the effect is as of hearing a chime of bells from a church tower, and when used in combination with the reeds the result is a delightful harmony. Allegretto effects are happily brought out by the use of this stop. Including the two stops we have mentioned there are fourteen in that organ. A desirable feature in the case, apart from its beauty of design is that when the instrument is closed, even the pedals are covered.

It is pleasant to see the growing evidences of taste, and that appreciation of the beautiful in form and color, which manifests itself even in the manufacture of articles for household use, which are shown in the varied exhibits from the different States. In support of this assertion, let us call attention to the

ONYX MANTEL PIECE

which is from a manufacturing firm in New York, and which for exquisite beauty of design and workmanship is unsurpassed. A clock of similar material surmounts it, with a head of silver as apex. A group in relief, below the face of the clock is finely executed in the same metal.

Fluted pillars of onyx, silver-capped, support the shelf. A rim of silver plate curiously carved defines the opening about the fire-place. On either side are heads in relief of copper. The stone is called

MEXICAN ONYX,

and the mantle-piece is one of a group consisting of many designs and varieties of richly tinted marble, which in themselves well merit a description, yet this seemed of so rare an excellence, that we have chosen to select it for preference.

Among statuary from the States there is a

RECUMBENT FIGURE OF AN INFANT COVERED WITH A KNITTED SHAWL.

so faithfully delineated, so graceful in the unstudied ease of attitude that one could almost fancy the heaving of the little bosom in its sweet repose.

In our last, we said that we felt we had failed to give the notice due to

GERMANY,

nor may we longer neglect her many excellencies. Passing through the department of that nation we saw an

EBONY CABINET

of the most exquisite finish and a beauty of form unexcelled. The centre piece is carved in lines at once bold and delicate, representing "Pan playing upon his pipes," and surrounded by nymphs, etc.

The smaller panels represent Psyche and Love, and are equally worthy of note for the great care bestowed upon the details and the delicacy of finish. Near by is a

MUSIC FOLIO OR STAND

also of ebony, richly carved, having the front of blue silk, embroidered in black and white, with shades of gray and in musical emblems, with a fineness of outline resembling engraving more than needlework.

It is in works requiring such patience and care that this nation excels. A side board of carved oak had a hunting scene in clear relief, well carved upon the central panel.

IN CHEMICALS

Germany has always excelled, so we may not wonder at the completeness and orderly neatness of her display in that line.

If we are competent to judge of excellence of work merely from the impression left upon our mind, entering through the medium of a pleasing effect upon the eye, we should say the variety and perfection of the display here made in

LEAF METAL,

from tin to gold foil was unsurpassed by that of any country.

The hearts and eyes of the little ones are delighted by the exhibit of the

TOYS FROM NUREMBERG.

Here may be seen all varieties of these charming adjuncts of happy childhood. For who can see a toy, no matter how simple, without recalling some bright, happy child for whose pleasure and education it is designed? It is this tender love of the "Little Ones" evidenced in the care displayed to add to their happiness by attractive toys, as well as the earnest wish to aid the little feet up the steep paths of knowledge, as shown in the charming "play at study," in Froebel's Kindergarten system, that ties so closely to our own, this great warm, German heart. God bless the kindly nation, so wise, so deeply learned, so tender and simple.

It is not far from Germany to France! Not in reality—not in American hearts—who owe so much to both, and decidedly not in the Main Building.

We find ourselves dazzled by flashing gems.

A CORONET OF DIAMONDS

fit for a queen! How attractive these diamonds are, to be sure! Yet none the less so, to us, at least, is this quaint necklace of Scarabei and Enamel, made after the ancient Egyptian fashion. The centre-piece having aphynxes on each side, with winged Griffins beside them. The colors of the scarabei composing this necklace are rarely beautiful and varied, being dark blueish green; pale yellow green; gray and a slate color; while a curious frog of bright blue hangs pendant. The centre-piece is mounted, top and bottom, with carbuncles.

AN EGYPTIAN BARGE,

such an one as we can imagine Cleopatra, the "Serpent of Old Nile," to have reclined in, when going to meet Antony, was of gold and silver work, curiously chased—with reliefs of Egyptian figures carved thereon.

SPECIMENS OF AUBUSSON TAPESTRY,

equal to the celebrated Gobelin Tapestry, are shown in many odd and also artistic designs.

Among the former, may be mentioned the embodiment of the old fable of the sagacious monkey, who used the cat's paw to procure his roasted chestnuts. Here the scene is well depicted, the interior of the kitchen being well given, and having the effect of a painting. So with the "Skating Scene" and the "Grape Gatherers." Best of all is the picture, also in tapestry, of "A Wolf at Bay." The desperate animal, the wounded and dying dogs, and the attitudes are beautifully rendered.

A DAINTY FAN

of finest tortoise-shell, as to the handle and sticks, and silk as to the upper part, so delicately painted as to render it worthy a place among art-treasures, had a hunting-scene taken from the Medieval Ages, when the fair Chatelaine rode forth to the hawking, attended by gallant knight, page and squire. In the foreground a maiden offers the fair dame fruit in a basket, while the huntsman holds a leash of hounds in check, and another follows with the hawks, the "Kestrels and Falcons" of those days.

In our last visit to

AGRICULTURAL HALL

we were in such haste to have a general view before the closing moment arrived, that we missed seeing the famous

GRAPE VINE

brought from California. This time we are determined not to be disappointed.

It is placed on exhibition in the southern end of the building, and it was brought from Lower California. Its curious history is that it grew from a small slip given to a beautiful Spanish lady, who lived to the age of one hundred and ten years, dying in 1865. This monster vine, which seems fitted to have borne the "clusters of Eshcol in those days when there were giants in the earth," has a stem measuring 14 inches at a distance of about three feet from the ground, and the spreading branches covered an area of a little more than ten thousand square feet, bearing for many years between five and six tons of clusters. Although a wonderful sight, it seems a pity to have out it down. What a generous soil and goodly atmosphere the Golden State must possess to bring about such splendid results!

THE CALIFORNIA STATE BUILDING

has just been opened, but there was such a crowd around it, we could only obtain a hasty glance within. The exterior is not so attractive as most of the other State buildings, but within, the specimens of various native woods used in finishing, give a very handsome tone of coloring. The central or main hall has a number of arches, supported on five double columns, having a dome-shaped ceiling, with a skylight in the centre. It is between these double columns that the woods are introduced. Those used are for the most part laurel, myrtle, rose-wood; another kind resembling mahogany, Prima vera, horse-chestnut, Toa and Arrilliano woods; other varieties being mingled for sake of contrast. Nothing more rarely beautiful than the grain of these woods could be seen.

Passing through

PHOTOGRAPHIC HALL,

on our way out, via the Main Building, we found that now there are some specimens on exhibit in the French Department of the new art called

PHOTOCHROMY.

There were about a dozen specimens from the studio of M. Vidal, of Paris, who is the successful artist. Photographing in colors has long been the dream of photographers, and many have been the different experiments to attain such an end.

Hitherto all have failed, but now this discovery of M. Vidal seems to answer all practical requirements.

He only uses, it is said, such colors as may be obtained from mineral and vegetable substances. These are laid upon the sensitive plate, and assisted by light and the action of the sun, he succeeds in faithfully copying in all the shades of color, and delicacy of tinting any object from nature—any painting; in short, any thing whatsoever into which color enters, and without the use of a pencil or brush to shade or touch the picture up.

Such is the account given of this new art, and to judge from the specimens exhibited, the statement is well corroborated.

One of the pictures represented the interior of a room, and here the coloring was very well delineated.

Another was the handle and part of the blade of a great hunting knife. The glitter of the steel, with the shades of color produced by the different metals used in making the richly carved handle, were very delicately marked.

A copy of a piece of tapestry, having a Madonna and child wrought thereon, was excellently reproduced. The accuracy of the photographic art is combined with equal accuracy in coloring, which will make this photochromy especially valuable in copying rare paintings and other works of art.

Homeward bound, and passing down one of the aisles of the Main Building, we hear a little murmur of gossip about the visit the Emperor, Dom Pedro, made in the morning, which reminds us to take a glance at the

BRILLIANT PAVILION,

filled with the feather flowers and bright butterflies, beetles, etc., of Brazil.

The rarest skill is displayed in the making and grouping of sprays and clusters of flowers, made from feathers of the birds of that country, in their natural tints, dainty fans, light enough for Titania, made from the breasts of humming birds, with brilliant blue beetles set here and there, like turquoises. We saw some of the most beautiful butterflies, measuring six or seven inches across from tip to tip of the out-spread wings, of a bright sky-blue or creamy white, or pale yellow, striped and spotted with bright orange color; one of shaded brown, from a dark chocolate to the palest tint, was rarely beautiful.

THE CELEBRATED JEWELRY

made from the Brazilian beetle, is displayed in great variety. There are dark myrtle-green beetles of a larger size, with queer little projections over their glossy shells; smaller ones of a bright green and pale blue, with a golden sheen, are especially pretty. We saw

HUMMING BIRDS' HEADS,

with beaks of gold and ruby eyes set as breast pins.

An odd looking bird, with rose-colored feathers and web-feet, stands holding in its flattened beak the tiniest cobweb of a handkerchief, lace-edged, and wrought in an embroidery that seems to have been the work of fairy fingers.

In a side aisle a

MONSTER KNIFE AND FORK,

the former measuring over eight feet from tip of blade to the end of the handle, attracts our notice. It is of Pennsylvania manufacture, and in the centre of the blade has engraved the State arms. To the right of them is an excellent likeness of William Penn. On the left is Governor Hartranft.

We were told that the carving upon the ivory handle was the steady work of three months, and judging from its beauty and finish we can well believe it.

Passing near the department of Germany the striking of a

GREAT CLOCK

so assails our tympanum that we are fain to see as well as hear it. It is of a curious form. The works are enclosed in an oblong glass case, below which ticks slowly and steadily the pendulum. On the right is an open frame work, enclosing the weights and pulleys for raising them. On the left is a great bell of wrought metal, silver plated and richly ornamented; a hammer at the side connects with the machinery of the clock, and strikes upon this bell the hour. This is a very Janus of clocks, having two faces; but as they are side by side and not "under one hood," it is presumable that one may credit its announcements. A very amiable young lady, belonging to that department, who has kindly explained many things in it to us, assures us that we may; and as it pointed to ten minutes past six, we hasten our exit, thinking sorrowfully, as we leave the building and pass through the gate, of our very pitiful chance for even standing room in those crowded cars. Alas, for our prophetic soul, we realize the worst! All the long distance we stand packed in with other sufferers. Is it not a possible thing for the companies of these prosperous lines of passenger railway to put on extra cars in the afternoon, and so avoid the suffocating crush and inconvenience that is now endured?

LOST.

BY LOUISE M. PHELPS.

You marveled just now my friend, to to see that strong and well-poised man bowed in such an agony of grief beside that little coffin. You have known him as the courteous gentleman, and dignified master of a stately home and broad domains; the wise statesman and popular leader of parties; and you could not see how a loss that seemed small to you could so utterly unman him.

You beheld only a small white casket, with a silver plate upon the lid bearing the simple name of "Willie." Within a little waxen figure with closed eyes, and brown curls brushed smoothly back, the dimpled hands crossed upon the breast. "Surely" you say "in two short years the little one cannot have made itself necessary to his life." He has not lost the child you saw—but, shall I tell you what he has lost?

A bright faced lad, with fearless, truthful eyes, lithe form and ringing laughter, who has sat by his hearth stone and wandered by his side this many a day. One who needed no admonition to keep him in the straight path, but who chose it instinctively. A perfect child—the light of the house, and the sunshine of his father's heart.

Lost too, a son, in whose dawning manhood all possibilities of good that life affords were gathered; possessed of every grace and charm that refinement and cultivation can give, with all sterling worth and powers of mind that the most royal gifts of nature can bestow. A loving and dutiful son—the support of his mother, the companion of his father; a steadfast friend, a kind and just master.

And then he has brought a fair young bride to the daughterless house, and she too has been a priceless possession, most perfect among women. And fair children have come to them, filling the old home with the music of merry voices. And peace has brooded above it, and happiness has filled its walls.

So the years have gone on—and on, and gradually the cares, the responsibilities, and the honors have dropped from the hands of the elder man upon the stalwart shoulders of the younger; and he in his noble manhood bears them worthily. Step by step, he has risen in the councils of his countrymen, and now he stands among the leaders of the nation, with clear hands and spotless name.

And the years gather under the feet of the father, but they are filled with restful content. No cause for haste or anxiety, because all that he leaves unfinished these younger hands will bring to perfection; and when at last he lays the sceptre down, he can trust family, dependants, the honored name he has cherished, with all interests of state and country, to these strong and steadfast hands so securely able to hold and guard them well.

These—the boy—the youth—the man, he has lost. They have vanished "without sound of wing or footfall."

But the baby boy you saw him bending above, he has not lost. In quiet hours, in fireside dreams, he will come to him; and he will feel again the mute caress of small hands wandering over his face, rose-leaf cheeks will be pressed to his, soft arms clasp themselves about him, brown curls nestle against his breast, and the cooing voice and baby laughter will fill his ears.

No! these will go with him all his life long, even down to his last hour, and the child will be his—his little one, always. More vitally living—more satisfying—more entirely his, that to the world he is lost.

NELLIE DENE.

A Fairy Tale for Little Folks.

BY LAWRENCE GRAY.

In an old moss-covered, clay-built cottage, near to the little road that winds round the base of a celebrated mountain, was many long years ago the residence of the Widow Dene and her only daughter. Though they were miserably poor, with merely the possession of their wretched little cabin, and a wee little garden, they still boasted of a high descent. The widow's constant theme from the rising to the setting of the sun, was descanting on the nobility and antiquity of her family and connections, until her daughter's head was fairly turned, listening to the long drawn-out and oft repeated tales of the grandeur and glory of her ancestors. "You know, Nellie," she would say, looking proudly around, "that although poverty, like a black cloud, has settled on us, yet it cannot blacken the brightness of the clear-flowing stream; riches, like the sun, may gild the barren moor with its noon-tide beams, but it cannot illuminate the muddy slough. So, hold your head high, child of my burning love, nor stoop to mingle with the clown and the churl."

Now, Nellie Dene, was really a handsome girl—there was something in her air and appearance superior to the daughters of the neighboring farmers. She was tall and fair, with a swan-like neck, and a dove-like eye, glossy raven hair, a delicate blush, and a gentle, retiring mien. The high and unsuitable notions instilled into her mind by her mother had their usual evil effect; for thus schooled by the foolish old woman, she never learned anything useful, and seldom stirred from morning to night to perform any necessary office about their little home. She spent most of her time in reading whatever books she could procure among the neighboring peasantry, and these were mostly of such a character that they only served to stimulate those wild and romantic sentiments already imparted by her mother. When the girls of the other cottages would be employed spinning or knitting, Nellie might be seen sitting in the sun, at her cottage door, reading some book of wonderful adventures aloud to her mother. The simple dame, with open mouth, devoured legions of giants, enchanters, and ladies fair, which she believed as firm as faith in Gospel truth, and the girl, though half a sceptic, had her fancy so filled with heroes, knights, ruffians and queens in distress, that they constantly floated in her day-dreams, and filled her visions at night.

In this shadowy world she passed the beginning of her days, and many a peasant lad who sought to win her love, had but to nurse his disappointed hopes, as the reward of his ambition. She spoke in a strain none of them could well understand; and they told their tale in a style so different from that in which the Green Knight poured forth his passion at the feet of the beautiful Colberta, that she could not avoid turning away quite shocked and disappointed.

And so a few brief summers passed away; and when at length the old woman began to feel her strength decline, she could not help thinking how desolate her child would be when she was no more. She then regretted that Nellie had not listened to some of the honest youths, who, though beneath her in birth, were far above her in worldly consideration.

"When I am gone, Nellie, darling," she would cry in unavailing regret, "who will then care for the desolate orphan? Who will give the friendless bread to eat? And misery to think of it! that one of such a race should fall so low. You cannot earn a morsel for yourself. Oh! what will become of the solitary bird of my widowed nest, when I am no more?"

Although Nellie plainly saw the horrors of the situation, she turned from their contemplation to soothe the distress of her mother.

"Do not fret about me, mother," she would say, "I shall be protected. How often have we read of the good and innocent, being rescued from shame and the shadow of death?"

It was a few days after this, as one evening Nellie was preparing their frugal meal, under the direction of her almost helpless mother, that a young man with a large pack on his back entered the cottage.

"Heaven save all here!" said he, seating himself and putting the pack on the ground before him. "Well, it is a warm day to be carrying such a load, and the heat has made me as weak as water without whiskey."

He was a handsome, agreeable young fellow, and soon entered into conversation with the mother and daughter, and was evidently attracted by the latter, while, with the tact of his trade, he opened out his bundle before her, and displayed its finery to her wondering eyes.

"See there," he said, "there's a stuff fit for a countess, and I am sure it would suit your complexion to a hair, my beauty. Would you like it?"

"And if it is fit for a countess," replied the old woman, catching at her favorite theme, "my daughter, poor as she is, might not think it too fine for her wearing. Her blood is as noble as any that flows in the veins of either earl or countess. She is of the same race."

"I could swear she is something above the common order," said the flattering pedlar.

"Aye, aye," responded the dame, "the sun is the sun, let the day be winter or summer."

"But look at this," resumed the pedlar, turning to Nellie. "There's a scarf that a princess might wear on a birth-night," and he turned and exhibited it in different lights.

"It is beautiful indeed," said Nellie, with a sigh, after feasting her eyes on its bright shadows, and laying it back upon the glittering heap.

"There's velvet for a coif," said he again, opening out a piece of rich colored cloth. "What a beautiful contrast," and rolling it into a kind of a hood, he placed it over her bright ringlets, "but such hair does not want it," he added, throwing it aside. "'Twere a pity to confine those tresses, or shade that brow."

"It is too rich for me entirely," said Nellie, still gazing at the finery with an anxious eye.

"Would you like the stuff? Take it. I know you would make it look so well, that I would sell nothing else for the season."

"I cannot buy it," sighed Nellie, "for if a single cent would purchase your whole pack, I haven't it at present."

"Well, if you haven't it now, you will another time. You can have the dress until you can make up the money by spinning or knitting, and I promise not to hurry you, besides."

"No," said Nellie, "I cannot think of taking what I cannot pay for," and she felt how vain would be the hope of obtaining money by her own industry.

"Come," said the pedlar, "keep it and welcome. I know it pleases your fancy, and it will never be said that Dennis Dunmare denied a garment to a handsome girl, because she did not have the coin at her finger's end."

So Nellie was persuaded to keep the stuff and scarf, and in the spirit of grateful hospitality, she detained the merchant to partake of their repast. The fact was the pedlar had quite fallen in love with the gentle Nellie; he saw grace in her every motion, and imagined that he had never before tasted so sweet a morsel, as that placed before him by her fair hands.

"Now," said he, "a beauty like you must have a heap of sweethearts, and when you wear that robe, the numbers that will follow you will be beyond counting. You will look like a queen."

"Poor Nellie," replied her mother, "has always taken my advice; for though poor, we considered ourselves above the people about us,—she has no sweethearts."

"You are right," remarked the merchant, "for springing from a good old stock myself, I vowed never to take a wife unless I could meet something above the mean-minded. I never considered money an object, but wished to have one *genteel* and *industrious*, with whom I could share my heart and enjoy my earnings in love and happiness." This was said with a view to make the mother see he was a prize worth claiming—as he found when he rose to depart that he was leaving his heart behind him.

The generous and gallant pedlar became the subject of praise both to mother and daughter, and many a secret prayer did the widow put up to Heaven, that such a man might be destined to become the companion of her daughter, and often did Nellie think of his gentle manners. She soon procured knitting-needles, and prevailed on one of the cottage girls to teach her how to knit. She had begun a stocking by the time that Dennis Dunmare called again, and she blushed with pleasure as she put her work aside that he might not notice her clumsiness. His visits became frequent and their object became very unequivocal. He made her presents, was attentive, delicate—and, what all women like better still, he was assiduous; he woed, and won her, and they were married. She loved him tenderly, and bent her wish and will to please him in every particular, and they were very happy. The honeymoon was scarcely over, when he made up his pack to depart on an expedition of traffic, leaving a wish, as traveling rapidly wears hose, that Nellie would have some new stockings knitted for him by his return.

Poor Nellie did not know what to do. She had made him believe, through the instigation of her mother, that she was a miracle of industry, and she could not bear that he should think unworthily of of her. She wept without ceasing, and, though she commenced knitting a stocking, in the vain hope of doing something, she could scarcely see to move her needles for the blinding tears that filled her eyes. Often she would go into her little garden alone and cry; and day after day passed away in unavailing sorrow, until she almost wished she would die before her husband came back to find that the wife he was so proud of, and loved so dearly, could not, or would not, comply with his first request.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WEDDING BY TELEGRAPH.

DURING last month, Mr. W. H. Story, of the Signal Service, and Miss Clara E. Choate, daughter of D. Choate, Esq., of San Diego, California, were married at Camp Grant, Arizona, the ceremony being performed in the presence of a large party, in the telegraph office in San Diego. Miss Choate became engaged to the young gentleman with whom she will make the journey of life, some time ago. As he is in the service of the government, and the operator of the telegraph station at Camp Grant, he could not obtain leave to make so long a journey hither for his wedding, and the young lady went out to him in Arizona. But, arrived there, no clergymen could be had to perform the ceremony, and in this exigency the plan of using the telegraph was decided upon.

At 8 o'clock in the evening the friends of the family and friends of the bride gathered at the telegraph office. There was a very large party of ladies and gentlemen. The officiating clergymen, being present, and all being in readiness, the following message was sent by the father of the bride:

SAN DIEGO, *April* 24—8.30 P. M.—Greeting to our friends at Camp Grant. We are ready to proceed with the ceremony. D. CHOATE, AND PARTY.

The answer at once came back:

CAMP GRANT, *April* 24.—To D. Choate and party. We are ready.

W. H. STORY,
CLARA E. CHOATE.

Then—Mr. Blythe, chief operator of the San Diego office, at the instrument—the service began.

The Rev. Mr. Mann rose and said that they were about to attend the marriage ceremony of two friends 650 miles distant; they could hardly hear the words spoken standing apart, but they could speak with the telegraph wire audibly.

Here followed the usual formula for the marriage service, the questions and responses being forwarded over the wire.

Numerous congratulatory messages were then sent by the friends present, and appropriate replies received; in fact there was a happy wedding party, with all the interchange of compliments and good wishes usual to such occasions, notwithstanding the little distance of 650 miles between the parties.

PLEASANT HOMES.

BY JAMES VICK.

Few things pleased us more when in Europe than the skill exhibited in giving an air of rural taste to small city lots, many of them so very small that few Americans would be willing to attempt ornamental gardening on so diminutive a scale. And yet, if we can make a parlor or siting-room beautiful in winter with a few plants, why can we not make a small paradise of a little twenty-foot square "front yard." Many of the

yards we refer to were not more than twenty feet in width, and yet remarkable as specimens of taste. Some of these little gardens were attached to houses in rows; others belonged to what are known as semi-detached cottages—that is, two only joined together.

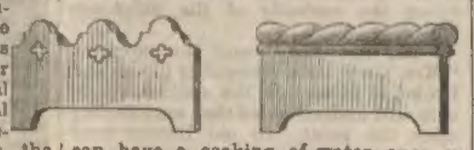
We give a specimen of one of these little front gardens, or as they are sometimes called, entrance courts. The lots are sometimes so narrow that the raised bed is made several feet from the centre to allow of free passage on one side. The English people seem to love seclusion, and so the front yard is usually bounded by a wall on every side, as we have, in a measure, shown in the engraving, and would be fearfully unsightly but for the fact that these walls are ornamented, and sometimes concealed with climbers and other beautiful plants. The ornamental border that surrounds the central bed is usually rich, and made to resemble stone. The border for the beds on the sides is generally common burnt clay tiles, of neat designs, and quite reasonable in price—about twelve cents a foot. The small engravings show two very good patterns. Sometimes a bold vase is used for the center; and we have seen a little rockery occupy the place, but it is not the place for a rockery. The space not occupied by beds is covered with flagging or gravel.

Those who have noticed the advance of rural taste in America during the past thirty years have seen developments unequaled in any country, or any age of the world. Beautiful orchards and lawns, and gardens, and tasteful houses abound, where, a few years ago, we saw the crooked rail fence, the trees and stumps and small log cabins. We scarcely pass through a village in any part of the country, but we see some place so nicely arranged, so beautiful, and possessing some feature so entirely new, that we are tempted to take out our pencil and make a sketch on the spot.

We have to thank the architects in Rochester for planning houses with shady recesses over the front doors, which afford opportunity for the most elegant adornment, and which our people have not been slow to improve. We were so pleased with this feature, that we had drawings taken of two—the first owned and cared for by Mrs. James McDonell, and the other by Mrs. William Gothout. Both houses are on one of our finest roadways, East Avenue, and from early summer until autumn, these little recesses presented an exhibition of rural beauty that gave more pleasure to their owners and to the thousands who passed by, than would tens of thousands of dollars expended in architectural display. With plenty of water, plants can be kept in such situations through the summer in perfect health.

In the selection of plants for such places more regard must be had to elegant foliage than beautiful flowers; but it is absolutely necessary to obtain those that will keep in perfection a long time, whether chosen for foliage or flowers. Plants that rapidly attain their best estate, ripen and pass away, may be interesting and useful in appropriate places, and generally furnish flowers abundantly for cutting, but should not be planted in vases or baskets, nor on the lawn, where a good show must be kept up the whole season.

"How shall I arrange my little front yard, of less than thirty feet square, to make it look the best?" writes a new correspondent. Having given above the English plan desired, we will now give a simple plan of our own, and we would like to see them both made, side by side. It is not well to have every little garden an exact copy of its neighbor, for there is beauty in diversity. In gardening, it is best not to attempt more than we can accomplish, but to do everything in the best possible manner. In so small a space the plan should be simple. Much has been written against straight walks, and in consequence there has, for some years, been a mania for curved paths, and many little front yards have been sadly disfigured by a desperate attempt to make a graceful curve in a little walk leading from the street to the front door, and perhaps not more than twenty feet in length. All such walks should be straight, and the attempt to make them otherwise is ridiculous. With a good, neat and broad walk to the front door; from this a narrower one leading to the house, you have all the walks necessary, and all that will look well. In a lot only



thirty feet in width, the walk leading to the front door will be, of course, only a few feet from one side of the lot, leaving space for a little unbroken lawn about twenty by thirty feet, if the house should stand thirty feet from the street. The space on the other side of the walk will be only a narrow border. Have all the space not used for the walk graded nicely, and covered with grass, either by sodding or sowing seed. Seed must be sown in early fall or early spring, and sodding should be done at the same seasons. Keep the grass in perfect order by frequent cutting, and it will look well at all times, except during severe drouths in the middle of summer. If it can have a soaking of water once or twice a week it will be as green as emerald in the Northern States from April to November, and in some places nearly or quite the whole year. Kentucky Blue Grass, or Lawn Grass seed, which is about the same, is the best seed to sow. Now we have the foundation of all ornamental gardening, a good walk and a well-kept lawn, and there is little more to do—only just a little ornamenting or gilding. This must be done sparingly. Profuse ornamentation outrages all good taste, so we will make a bed in the middle of the lawn, of some simple form, a circle or an oval. This would look well filled with Caladiums and Cannas. If these should be too expensive, ten cents worth of striped and blotched Petunia seed would give plants enough for two such beds, and would be exceedingly showy, and endure all summer. Thanks to a kind Providence, beauty is cheap—almost, and often entirely, without money or price. A few shrubs around the edges of the little lawn, perhaps to screen the fence or any other object, some climber over the front door, like the Aristolochia, and a climbing rose at or near the corner of the house farthest from the front door, and you have done about all that can be done to beautify so small a space. Instead of the flower bed in the center of the lawn it would not be a bad plan to substitute a fine, well-filled vase, with a small bed of flowers near each corner, or a few half-moon shaped beds near the fences.

Garden work needs a large stock of patience, and we are pleased that it is so; it is an excellent discipline for an irritable temper. Things will not all prove satisfactory the first season; but we see reason to hope for better things next year, and we have enough success to give us faith in the future. What a grand school for the culture of patience, faith and hope! Then, some of our work proves to be in excellent taste, while a portion we dislike and resolve to change and improve another year. Thus, while we improve our gardens we improve ourselves, and while they get handsomer we get, at least, better. We propose no model, therefore, for any garden, and only give a few suggestions to set people thinking and working—just the key-note to get the tune properly started.

No more judicious expenditure of time or money can be made, than in the cultivation of flowers. They bring to the heart an influence as subtile and delicious as the perfume they breathe. Men who love flowers seldom commit crimes; women who love them display on all occasions the purest and loviest characteristics of the sex, rendering the world better for their having lived in it. If there is a vacant lot, be it never so small, fill it with flowers, for they bring beauty to our homes and fill our lives with sweet and innocent enjoyment.

DI MERO'S CENTENNIAL FESTIVAL.

THIS Centennial business is going to hurt somebody before it stops. It has already well nigh thrown me into bankruptcy.

My great grandfather was a Tory, yet, notwithstanding said fact, I was waited upon by a committee of one postal card last Tuesday and requested to open a Centennial Strawberry Festival at Hornersville

The invitation came to me like the song of a summer bird.

It soothed me.

It gave me renewed confidence in the great institutions of the day—political and social. It made me feel a just pride in the fact that I did not die of Meningitis last winter, according to our family physician's prescription.

Yet, I entertained some misgivings relative to the success of the undertaking. I had always been considered an expert at opening love letters and clams and debilitated cellar doors, but I didn't know just exactly *how* to open a Centennial strawberry festival. However, I remembered how Cæsar passed the Rubicon, and attiring myself in a two-story collar and a new umbrella, I went to Hornersville.

The performance was to take place in the church, and as I passed up the aisle, ominous whispers swept around the room:

"That's him—there he goes!"

"Who—where?"

"The fellow with the collar."

I felt that the day of my destiny had arrived.

A loud cheer swelled from the audience, as I mounted the platform and took a glass of water. Then they called for a speech, and I spoke to them thusly:

"Friends, Romans, Hornersvillains! [profound pause,] I feel like a certain crimson-headed female away out in the wilds of Kansas, where the buffalo plunges and snorts and throws dirt at the setting sun, ["Hooray!"] who, being asked by a widower, with thirteen children and $40,000 to marry him, was on the point of accepting, when a grasshopper skirmished up and down her back, causing her to throw up her hand and demolish the nose of the widower with thirteen children and $40,000, thereby ending her matrimonial prospects forever; and as she wended her way sadly to the dollar store, she cried in anguish: 'I'm sick at heart, and I wish I was dead and I'm 'spectin to have a chill and I don't care if I *am* red headed!'"

Oh, the insufficiency of human wisdom.

"There are four events in man's history fraught with more intensity and gilded with more glory, at the time, than all else of life besides. They are, when he dons his first pair of pantaloons; when he first kisses a girl; when he first opens a strawberry festival, and when he attends the funeral of his mother-in-law.

"Should any of these crises be evaded during his careering prance through mortality, there is evidently some incongruity in his animal mechanism, which can only be rectified by a country coroner or a street car conductor. The first of these was chronicled in my young history years ago, and I trust that if I ever do invest in a mother-in-law, I shall be spared to attend her funeral, but if my career as a festival opener is foreshadowed by my success with the representatives of the "pull-back," I fear that I shall not reflect much honor on myself or my country; for, though I have been a dry goods clerk, a sportsman, a militia captain, a school-teacher, an editor, and an honorary member of a base-ball club, I never shot a gun, caught a fish, thrashed a boy or kissed a girl in my life! [cries: "Take in your sails!"]

"In fact, I was never fond of athletic sports. How can I hope then to fill the measure of your expectation?

"Every age has its heroes, one of whom the great American Centennial strawberry festival opener is which. I once expected to be president of the United States, but I've changed my mind. This is good enough for me.

"I ask no higher distinction; I court no more gracious favor, than to occupy the exalted position you have accorded me, and I feel that the man, who would not be glad to stand before this glorious array of sweet faces and sunny smiles, and open strawberry festivals for the next six hundred thousand years, stands no more chance of achieving worthy eminence than a Jersey bull-frog does of becoming Centennial poet—[cries: "Oh, let up, and tell us some anecdote or other about the Conatitooshun!"]

"Fellow citizens, this is not a constitutional question; and if it was, I don't propose to be switched off the track in that kind of style. When you call on me to open strawberry festivals, I don't propose to open anything else.

"Strawberry festivals are the finest vegetable that grows. Farmers dote on them; old ladies weep at their mention; happy belles tune their pouting lips in joyous anticipation as they dream of them, and young swains attend them only to find that their pocket-books are shedding tears—"

Just then the Chairman of the Committee informed me that I was unanimously excused from any further remarks, and as I descended to the vestibule, a little old man with a wheezy voice and a second-hand expression of countenance, approached me and said:

"Young man I've been afflicted with the miseries for nigh onto thirty year, an' I've tuck more'n a steamboat full o' doctor's stuff, but I'll be blowed if I hadn't rather set and swallow cod liver oil and pills all day than to listen to you lettin' off steam."

I never felt just as I did then but once before in my life. That was when I attended a lecture delivered by a long-haired young man, who after taking 21 drinks of water and delivering sixteen poetical quotations in the course of his lecture, regretted that he didn't have time to read the will of G. Washington, and then requested the usher to bring him another pitcher of water.

I wanted to go home.

I am convinced that such a young man can never become a successful lecturer, unless he carries in his pocket a pet library and a young river. I am equally certain that no one can open strawberry festivals with perfect equanimity, unless he has previously canvassed for tombstones or visited a young friend with a new mother-in-law.

Then he can endure anything.

Reader, were you ever far from home; far from the land of your birth, the twaddle of friends, the venom of foes; far from a rich aunt's favor, a sweetheart's trust and your last month's wages; far from the apple orchard and goose pond of your childhood; far from tender glances and tailor's bills, and did you ever attempt to open a Centennial strawberry festival?

If not, don't yearn for it.

I did, and I wish that I hadn't.

"DI MERO."

DAY-DREAMS BY THE SEA.

BY JULIA GODDARD.

Dreaming when the sun is shining
And the wind blows wild and free,
Tempting storm-sprites into twining
Silver wreaths to deck the sea.

Dreams with open eyes the maiden,
Undisturb'd by ocean's roar,
Of a land all beauty-laden
She hath journey'd in before.

Where beneath a sky enchanted
Rises up a castle fair,
Fadeless roses round it planted
Bloom with endless fragrance there.

Firm it stands, though its foundation
Is but built upon the sand:
In a maiden meditation
Carved by an unconscious hand.

From its gate a prince to meet her
Eager steps; and at her side
Whispers loving words to greet her.
Asking, "Will she be his bride?"

Fair are day dreams in the golden
Cycle of sweet seventeen;
Future's wings are bright unfolden,
Tainted by no sad "has been;"

When the chains that life doth find us
Are but forged by love and youth,
And the spells to earth that bind us
Have not felt the test of truth.

And the maiden still is dreaming,
And in ocean's mighty voice
Hears she one deep chorus teeming
With the glorious word, "Rejoice!"

Whilst the summer sun above her,
And the breezes passing by,
Whispering only of her lover,
Sing a soothing lullaby.

So in dreams her heart finds haven
All along the pleasant strand,
Anchor'd in the name half-graven
In love letters on the sand.

A COUNTRY PARSON'S ODD THOUGHTS.

For preaching, which will come home to men's business and bosoms; which will not appear to ignore those things which of necessity occupy the greater part of an ordinary mortal's thoughts, commend me to the preacher who has learned by experience what are human ties and what is human worry.

There is no more sunshiny inmate of any home than the happy tempered one, who has the art of putting all things in a pleasant light, from the great misfortunes in life down to a broken carriage spring, a servant's failings, or a child's salts and senna.

When a little child on being offered a third plate of plum-pudding, says with a wistful look, "No, thank you," think of your own childish days, think what plum-pudding was then, and instantly send the little man another slice.

Many men, when they go into the country, put off frock coats and stiff stocks and pitch away the vile, hard hat of city prosperity, and replace them by loose suits, a soft handkerchief and the yielding wide-awake, and thus do mentally pass through a process of relief.

All people have tangles in their life and affairs that cannot be unraveled; sorrowful things, which they think cannot be helped. Do not look the closet door upon the skeleton; bring it out and air it; perhaps it may prove to be only the skeleton of a cat, or even no skeleton at all.

CUPID IN EVERY STYLE.

"Probably there is no instance in which two lovers have made love exactly in the same way as any two other lovers since the world began."—*Sir Arthur Helps.*

Barkis insinuated.

Vivien charmed Merlin.

Alexander made a bonfire for Thais.

Hildegarde took the bull by the horns.

The Merchant of Venice soft-soldered Portia with a lead casket.

The garrulous female in "The Arabian Nights" told her husband stories.

Victoria sent for Prince Albert and told him she wanted him. She was victorious.

In the Polynesian Island they win their hearts by beating their heads with a shillelah.

Tristam did it mostly with a harp, and was also a good liar. His two Isoldes were too many for him.

Boutwell was inclined to Marie and locked her up in a castle. It worked as well as Peter's pumpkin shell.

Harry the Eighth and Bluebeard were off with the head of their old love before they were on with the new.

Dr. Johnson poked the tobacco in his pipe down with his sweetheart's finger—a warm token of affection.

Cobbett's wife caught him by the grace with which she used the wash-tub. She never was known to use it after the wedding.

Sam Romilly, the famous lawyer, killed himself because his wife died, while a good many others kill themselves because they don't die.

Nicholas, of Russia, wanted to pop at a dinner-table, but didn't like to be caught at it, so he imbedded a ring in a lump of bread and handed it to her.

Charlemagne's secretary was caught by a snowstorm sparking the Emperor's daughter, at midnight, and she carried him home on her back, so that his footsteps could'nt be traced. The Emperor heard of it, and saddled him on her for the rest of her life.

TAKE CARE OF SMALL THINGS.

No man ever made a fortune, or rose to greatness in any department, without being careful of small things. As the beach is made up of grains of sand, as the ocean is made up of drops of water, so the millionaire's fortune is the aggregation of the profits of single adventures, often inconsiderable in amount. Every eminent merchant, from Girard and Astor down, has been noted for his attention to details. Few distinguished lawyers have ever practised in the courts who have not been remarkable for a similar characteristic. It was one of the striking peculiarities of the first Napoleon's mind. The most trivial facts relating to his troops, were, in his opinion, as worthy of attention as the tactics of a battle, the plans of a campaign, or the revision of a code. Demosthenes, the world's unrivalled orator, was as anxious about his gestures or intonations, as about the texture of his argument or its garniture of words. Before such examples, and in the very highest walks of intellect, how contemptible the conduct of small minds who despise small things.

To dread no eye and to suspect no tongue is the prerogative of innocence—an exceptional privilege granted only to invariable virtue.

ODE TO SUMMER.

The scent of roses floats upon the air;
The bush indulges in its breezy rockings.
Now is the time for reckless light and fair;
Now is the time to "shed" your heavy stockings.

'Tis now the lamb again gambols on the hill,
And every stalk a little flower dappens;
'Tis now the bull-dog watches for his fill
Of school boys' pants, who come to steal the apples.

The little robin sings in the tree
Where pretty leaves around his nestlings cluster.
Now is the time to live beside the sea;
Now is the time to wear a linen duster.

O, lovely summer! none can thee deride;
Thy beauties many—who can ever distort 'em
With brush or pen? I'll now lay mine aside
Until it's time to have a rap at autumn.

BAFFLED!

BY

Mrs. HENRY WOOD.

[This story was commenced in No. 32, Vol. Back numbers can always be obtained.]

CHAPTER XXX.

NEWS FOR MR. TATTON.

One morning when Mr. Tatton's hopes and plans were, like Cardinal Wolsey's greatness, all a ripening, he received a communication from Mr. Superintendent Game at Scotland Yard, conveying the astounding intelligence that the real Philip Salter had not been in Foxwood at all, but had just died in Canada.

"I never had such a fool's game to play at as *this*," ejaculated Mr. Tatton when sufficiently recovered to speak; and never wish to have such another. What the deuce, then, is the mystery connected with the Maze?"

Whatever it might be, it was now no business of his: though could he have afforded to waste more time and money, he would have liked very much to stay and track it out. Summoning the Widow Jinks to his presence, he informed her that he was called away suddenly upon particular business: and then proceeded to pack up. Mrs. Jinks resented the departure as quite a personal injury, and wiped the tears from her eyes.

On his way to the station he chanced to meet Sir Karl Wynne, and the latter's heart went up with a great bound. The black bag in Mr. Tatton's hand, and the portmanteau being wheeled along beside him, spoke a whole volume of hope.

"Good morning, Sir Karl. You have misled us finely as to the Maze."

"Who, what to you mean, Mr. Tatton?" asked Karl.

"Salter has turned up in Canada, or, one might perhaps rather say, turned down, for he is dead, poor fellow."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed and in truth. One of our officers is over there and was with him when he died. It was too bad of you to mislead us in this way, Sir Karl."

"Nay, you misled yourselves."

"A fine quantity of time I have wasted down here! weeks upon weeks. And all for nothing. I never was so vexed in my life."

"You have yourself to blame—or those who sent you here. Certainly not me. The very first time I had the honor of speaking to you, Mr. Tatton, I assured you on the word of a gentleman, that Salter was not at Foxwood."

"Well, come, Sir Karl—what is the secret being enacted within the place over yonder?"—pointing his finger in the direction of the Maze.

"I am not in the habit of inquiring into the private affairs of my tenants," was the rather haughty answer. "If there be any secret at the Maze—though I think no one has assumed it but yourself—you may rely upon it that it is not in any way connected with Salter. Are you taking your final departure?"

"It looks like it, Sir Karl"—nodding towards the luggage going onwards. "When the game's at the other end of the world, and dead beside, it is not much use my staying to search after it in this. I hope the next I have to hunt will bring in more satisfaction."

They said farewell cordially. The detective in his natural sociability; Karl in his most abundant gratitude for the relief it would give his brother. And Mr. Detective Tatton, hastening on in the wake of the portmanteau, took the passing up-train, and was whirled away to London.

One afternoon, soon after, when Karl, was driving his wife in the pony chaise, Ann Hopley had the gate of the Maze open, and was standing at it. It was the day following the departure of Mr. Tatton. Something in the woman's face—a kind of mute appealing anguish—struck Karl forcibly as she looked at him. In the sensation of freedom and of safety brought by the detective's absence, Karl actually pulled up.

"Will you pardon me, Lucy, if I leave you for one moment. I think Ann Hopley wants to speak to me."

He leaped out of the little low chaise, leaving the reins to Lucy. Her face was turning scarlet; of all the insults he had thrust upon her, this seemed the greatest. To pull up at that very gate, when *she* was in the carriage! Mr. Smith and his churchwarden pipe were enjoying themselves as usual at Clematis Cottage, looking out on the world in general, and no doubt (as Lucy indignantly felt) making his private comments.

"He is very ill again, sir," were the few whispered words of Ann Hopley. "Can you come in? I am not sure but it will be for death."

"Almost immediately," returned Karl; and he stepped back to the chaise just in time. Lucy was about to try her hand at driving, to make her escape from him and the miserable situation.

Lucy's eminently ungracious manner as he took his seat again would have stopped his speaking, even if he had had a mind to speak; but he was deep in anxious thought. He drove in; stood to help her out—or would have helped, but that she swept by without touching him—left the pony to the waiting groom; and walked back to the Maze.

Adam was in one of his attacks of pain. Nay, of agony. It could be called nothing less. It was not, however, for death; the sharpness of the paroxysm with its attendant signs had misled Ann Hopley. Rose looked scarcely less ill than her husband. Her most grievous position was telling upon her. Her little child dead; her husband apparently dying; danger and dread of another sort on all sides. More like a shadow was she now than a living woman.

"Do you know what I have been thinking, Rose?" said Karl when his brother had revived. "That we might trust Moore. You hear, Adam? I think he might be trusted."

"Trusted for what?" returned Adam, not in his sometimes firm voice, but in one very weak and faint. He was lying on the sofa. Rose sat at the end of it; Karl was in a chair at the side.

"To see you. To hear who you are. I cannot help believing that he would be as true as steel. Moore is one of those men, as it seems to me, that we might trust our lives with."

"It won't do to run risks, old fellow. I do not want to be captured in my last hours."

Karl believed there would be no risk. Mr. Moore was a truly good man; sensible and benevolent. The more he dwelt on the idea, the surer grew his conviction that the surgeon might be trusted. Rose, who was almost passive in her distress, confessed she liked him. Both he and his sister gave her the impression of being, as Karl worded it, true as steel. Ann Hopley was in favor of it, too.

And so the decision was made. Karl was to feel his way to the confidence. He would sound the surgeon first, and act accordingly.

So Karl went forth carrying his mission. In his heart he still trembled at it. The interests involved were so immense; the stake was so heavy for his unfortunate brother. In his extreme caution, he did not care to be seen going to the surgeon's house, but sent a note to ask him to call at the Court.

It was the dusk of the evening when Mr. Moore arrived. He was shown in to Sir Karl in his own room. Giles was appearing with two wax lights in massive silver candlesticks, but his master motioned them away.

"I can say what I have to say better by this light than in a glare," he observed to the doctor; perhaps as an opening preliminary; or intimation that the subject of the interview was not a pleasant one. And Giles shut them in alone. Karl sat sideways to the table, his elbow leaning on it; the doctor facing him with his back to the window.

"Mr. Moore," began Karl, after a pause of embarrassment, "did it ever occur to you to have a secret confided to your keeping, involving life or death?"

"You must speak more plainly, Sir Karl, if you wish me to understand." And Karl continued thoughtfully, weighing every word, as he spoke it, that it might not harm his brother.

"The case is this, Mr. Moore. I hold in my keeping a dangerous secret. It concerns a—a friend; a gentleman who has managed to put himself in peril of the law. For the present he is evading the law; keeping himself, in fact, concealed alike from his enemies and friends, with the exception of one or two who are—I may say—helping to screen him. If there were a necessity for my wishing to confide this secret to you, would you undertake to keep it sacred? or should you consider it lay in your duty as a conscientious man to betray it?"

"Goodness bless me, no," cried the doctor. "I am not going to betray people: it's not in my line. My business is to heal their sickness. You need not fear me."

"An individual is lying in concealment, as I have described. His offence was not against you or against me; therefore, as you observe, and as I judge, it does not lie even in our duty to denounce him. I am helping to screen him. I want you to undertake to do the same when you shall know who it is."

"I'll undertake it with all my heart, Sir Karl. You have some motive for confiding the matter to me."

"The motive arises out of necessity. He is grievously ill; in present need of medical care. I fear his days are already numbered; and in that fact lies a greater obligation for us to obey the dictates of humanity."

"I see. You want me to visit him and to do what I can for him. I am ready and willing."

"He is—mind, I shall shock you—a convicted felon."

"Well?—he has a body to be tended and a soul to be saved," replied the surgeon, curiously impressed with the hush of gravity that had stolen over the interview. "I will do my best for him, Sir Karl."

"And guard his secret?"

"I will. Here's my hand upon it. What would my Maker say to my offences at the Last Day, I wonder, if I could usurp his functions and deliver up to vengeance my fellow man?"

"I may trust you, then."

"You may. I perceive you are over anxious, Sir Karl. What more assurance can I give you? You may trust me as you trust yourself. By no incautious word or action of mine shall his peril be increased or harm come nigh him; nay, I will avert it from him if I can. And now—who is he? The sick man at the Maze—to whom Dr. Cavendish was called? Taking one thing with another, that Maze has been a bit of puzzle in my mind lately."

"The same."

"Ay. Between ourselves, I was as sure as gold that some one was there. Is it Mr. Grey? The young lady's husband; the dead baby's father?"

"Just so. But he is not Mr. Grey."

"Who is he, then?"

Karl glanced around him, as though he feared the very walls might contain eavesdroppers. Mr. Moore saw his dread.

"It is a most dangerous secret," whispered Karl with agitation. "You will keep it with your whole heart and life?"

"Once more, I will. I will. You cannot doubt me. Who is it?"

"My brother. Sir Adam Wynne."

The doctor leaped to his feet. Perhaps he had a doubt of Karl's sanity. He himself, had assisted to lay Sir Adam in his grave.

"Hush!" said Karl. "No noise. It is indeed my most unfortunate brother."

"Did he come to life again?—Did Sir Adam come to life again?" reiterated the wondering surgeon in his perplexity.

"He did not die."

They went together to the Maze after dark, Karl letting the doctor in with his own key. The whole history had been revealed to him. Nothing was kept back, save a small matter or two connected with the means of Sir Adam's daily concealment; of these no living soul without the Maze was cognizant, save three: Karl, Hewitt, and Smith, the agent. Mr. Moore was entrusted with it later, but not at first. During the life time of a medical man it falls to his lot to hear some curious family secrets, as it had to Mr. Moore; but he had never met with one half so strange and romantic as this.

Sir Adam had dismissed the signs of his illness, and—it will hardly be credited—attired himself in his black evening dress. With the departure of Mr. Tatton, old habits resumed their sway, with all their surrounding incaution. Mr. Moore saw the same tall, fine man, with the white and even teeth, that he had caught the transient glimpse of in the uncertain twilight some weeks before. The same, but with a difference; for the face was shrunken now, little more than half the size it had been then. In the past week or two he had changed rapidly. He met them when they entered—it was in the upstairs sitting-room—standing at the door, erect, his head thrown back. Mr. Moore put out his hand; but the other did not take it.

"Do you know all, sir?" he asked.

"All, Sir Adam."

"And you are not my enemy?"

"Your true friend, Sir Adam. Never a truer one shall be about you than I."

Their hands met then. "But I am not Sir Adam here, you know; I am Mr. Grey. Ah, doctor, what a life it has been!"

A life that had done its best to kill him, thought the doctor as he sat down. "Why did you not call me in before?" he asked.

"Well, we were afraid. You would be afraid of everybody if you were in my place and position. Besides, this disease, whatever it may turn out to be, has developed itself so rapidly that but little time seems to have been lost. I do not see how you will come in now, if it is to be a daily visit, without exciting the curiosity of the neighborhood."

"Oh, nonsense," said the surgeon, "Mrs. Grey has a renewal of illness and I come in to see her, the curious neighbors will understand if they are exacting upon the point. Or old Hopley your gardener. I'm sure his rheumatism must need a doctor sometimes."

Sir Adam laughed. "Hopley will do best," he said. "And then you know, doctor, if—if the worst comes to the worst; that is the worst so far as sickness is concerned, I can be carried out as Hopley."

"What do you think of him, Mr. Moore," enquired Karl, gravely, when the interview was over.

"I will tell you more about it when I have seen more of him," was the surgeon's answer. But his face and tone both assumed, or seemed to Karl to assume, an ominous shade as he gave it.

CHAPTER XXXI.

MRS. CLEEVE AT FAULT.

The time passed on: Sir Adam fluctuating; some days fearfully ill, some days seeming well and hearty; and Mrs. Cleeve continuing at Foxwood, for she could not bear to leave Lucy.

Karl went across one morning soon after breakfast. His brother had been very ill indeed the evening before; so ill that Karl had brought most unpleasant thoughts away with him. He was ringing at the gate when it suddenly opened: Ann Hopley was letting Mr. Moore out.

"How is he?" asked Karl of Mr. Moore.

"Oh better this morning—as I expected he would be," was the surgeon's answer. "But I have ordered him to lie in bed for the day. This time I think he will obey me, for he feels uncommonly weak."

"Every fresh attack makes him weaker," observed Karl.

"Why of course it does; it must do so. I don't half like the responsibility that lies on me," continued the doctor. "We ought to have another opinion."

"How can it be had?" remonstrated Karl.

"There it is—how. I wish he could be in London under the constant care of one of its practical men."

"We wish this, and wish the other, Mr. Moore," said Karl sadly, "and you know how impossible it is for us to do more than we are doing. Answer me truly—for I think you can answer. Would there be a fair chance of his recovery if he had other advice than yours? Would there be any better chance of it?

"Honestly speaking I do not think there would. I believe I am doing for him all that can be done."

Ann Hopley drew the gate open again, and the doctor went out. Karl passed on through the labyrinth.

Sir Adam liked to use his own will in all respects, and it was the first time he had made even a semblance of obeying Mr. Moore's orders of taking rest by day time. He looked very ill. The once handsome face seemed shrunk to nothing; the short hair was getting to look almost white; the grey-blue eyes, beautiful as Karl's, had a strangely wistful, patient look in them.

"I thought you would be here, Karlo. I have wanted you ever since daylight."

"Are you feeling better, Adam? Free from pain?"

"Much better. Quite free from it."

"Moore has been saying he wishes we could get you to London, that we might have more skilled advice."

"What nonsense!" cried Adam. "As if any advice could really avail me! He knows it would not. Did it avail my father, Karl?"

Karl remained silent. There was no answer he could make.

"Sit down, old fellow, and tell me all the news."

Before Karl left, Adam had talked himself into a doze. With his worn and haggard face turned to the wall, he slept peacefully as a child. Karl stole away and went into the greenhouse. Rose was there amid the plants, the sunlight, shining on her beautiful hair, turned it into threads of gold. She lifted her white face, with its sad expression.

"I knew you were with him, Karl, so I did not come in. Don't you think he looks very ill this morning?"

"Yes, he certainly does. He is asleep now."

"Asleep! And in the day-time!"

"He had a very bad night, I fancy."

"Do you think there's hope, Karl?" she piteously asked—almost as if all hope had left herself.

"I don't know, Rose. Mr. Moore has not told me there is none."

"Perhaps it is that he will not say," she rejoined, resting her elbow on the green steps amid the plants, and her cheek on her hand. "I seem to see it, Karl; to see what is coming. Indeed you might tell me the truth. I shall not feel it quite as much as I should had our circumstances been happier."

"I have told you as far as I know, Rose."

"There's my little baby gone; there's my husband going; all my treasures will be in the better world. I shall have nothing to do but live on for and look forward to the time when I may go to them. Six months ago, Karl, had I known Adam must die, I think the grief would have killed me. But the apprehension we have undergone the last few weeks—Adam's dread and my awful fear for him, has gone a great way to reconcile me. I see—and I think he sees—that death would not be the worst calamity. Better for him to be at rest than live in that frightful peril night and day; each moment as it passes one of living agony, lest next should bring the warders of Portland Island to retake him. No wonder it is wearing him out."

Karl went away echoing the last sentence; every word she had spoken leaving its echo of pain on his heart. No; it was no wonder that fatal illness had seized on Adam Wynne before its time.

CHAPTER XXXII.

AT THE RED DAWN.

Foxwood was going on quietly with the approach of winter. Mrs. Cleeve had gone to London with her daughter; leaving Miss Blake to keep house at the Court. Some ladies fearing the world's chatter, might have objected to remain with so young and attractive a man as Sir Karl Wynne; Miss Blake was a vast deal too strong minded for any thought of the kind. She was busy as ever with St. Jerome's and its offices; but she nevertheless kept a tolerably keen lookout on the Maze and on Sir Karl's movements as connected with it. He went there more than he ever used to do; by day now as well as by night; and she wondered how long the simple neighborhood would keep its eyes closed to facts and figures, that, to her, was so offensively plain.

There had been a sharpish frost in the night, but the glorious morning sun had chased its signs away. At midday it was shining down hotly; and Karl was almost glad of the thin screen of leaves left in the labyrinth as he made his way through it. Some days had passed since Adam had had any sharp amount of illness; he was wasting away rapidly, and that was the worst outward sign. But his will, in these intervals of ease was indomitable, and it imparted to him a fictitious strength.

As Karl came in view of the lawn, he saw Rose standing by one of the distant beds, talking to Hopley. The old man was digging; and had bent himself nearly double over his his work. Karl crossed over, a reprimand on his lips.

"Adam, you should not. You promised me you would not again take a spade or other gardening implement in your hand. Your strength is not equal to it, and it must do you harm."

"Just hark at him Rose. It would not be Karlo if he didn't find fault with me. What shall you do for somebody to croak at, brother mine, when I am gone."

Was it Hopley who spoke?—or was it Sir Adam? The falling-in mouth and the speech, the crooked back, the tottering or swollen knees, the smock frock and the red comforter and the broad straw hat, all were Hopley's. But the manner of speech and the eyes too, now you came to see them, as he looked up at Karl, were Sir Adam's.

Yes. They were one and the same Poor old Hopley, the gardener, was but Sir Adam in disguise. With the padded knees and the false hump he had managed to deceive the world, including Mr. Detective Tatton. He might not perhaps have so surely deceived Mr. Tatton had the latter been looking after Sir Adam Wynne and been acquainted with his person. But the decrepid gardener bore no resemblance to Philip Salter: and that fact ascertained, it was all that concerned Mr. Tatton.

It may be remembered that when Mrs. Wynne was staying at Weymouth, she and her servant Ann Hopley, were in secret communication with one of the warders of Portland Prison; in point of fact they were negotiating with him the possibility of Sir Adam's escape. This man was James Hopley; a warder—as Karl had taken him to be—and also Ann's husband. In the scuffle that took place the night of the escape, the man really killed was the other prisoner, Cole; and it was he who was taken to Foxwood and buried in its churchyard. Hopley was drowned.

At that period, and for some little time before it, Philip Smith was at Portland Prison. Not as a prisoner; the man had never in his life done aught to merit incarceration: but seeking some employment there, through the interest of one of the chief warders who was a friend of his—a man named O'Brian. From the date of the frauds of Philip Salter, Philip Smith had been—as he considered it—a ruined man; at any rate he was enabled to obtain employment. A ruined man must not be fastidious, and Smith was willing and anxious to become a warder if they could make him one. It was while he was waiting and hoping for the post, and employed sometimes as an assistant, and thoroughly trusted, that the attempted escape of the prisoners occurred. Smith was one of those who put off in the boat after the fugitives; the other two being Hopley and O'Brian. In the scuffle on Weymouth shore, Sir Adam was wounded and left for dead. O'Brian saw him lying there apparently dead and supposed him to be so. O'Brian, however, afterwards received a blow that stunned him—for the night was dark, and friends and foes fought indiscriminately—and Smith contrived to get Sir Adam away in a place of concealment. It is very probable that Smith foresaw in that moment how valuable a prize to him the living and escaped Sir Adam might become. O'Brian really believed him to be dead, and so reported him to the authorities. A dead man is worthless; and Sir Adam was allowed to be retained by his friends for interment; the beaten and disfigured Cole, shot in the face, being looked upon as Sir Adam.

After that, the path was easy. Sir Adam, very badly injured, lay for many weeks hidden away. Smith continued at Portland Prison keeping his own counsel and unsuspected, visiting Sir Adam continuously at intervals. As soon as it was practicable for him to be moved, the step was ventured on. He was got away in safety to London and lay in retirement there, in a house that had been taken by Smith; his wife (formerly Rose Turner) coming up to join him; and Ann Hopley, faithful to Sir Adam's fortunes through all, waited on them. She had no one else left to be faithful to now, poor woman. Smith managed everything. He had withdrawn himself from Portland Island, under the plea that he could no longer, in consequence of his disabled arm, aspire to a wardership—for his arm had been damaged on that fatal night, and it was thought he would have the full use of it again. The plea was unsuspiciously recognized by the prison authorities; Smith retained his friendship with O'Brian, and occasionally corresponded with him, getting from him scraps of useful information now and then. From that time his services were devoted to Sir Adam. It was he who communicated between Sir Adam and his mother; for letters they did not care to transmit. It was he who first disclosed to Mrs. Wynne the fact that Miss Rose Turner was her son's wife; it was he who made the arrangement for Sir Adam's taking up his abode at the Maze, and provided the disguise to arrive at Foxwood in, as the decrepid old husband of the servant Ann Hopley. To do Mr. Smith justice, he had fought against the scheme of coming to the Maze; but Mrs. Wynne and Adam were both bent upon it; and he yielded. Adam and his wife had stayed in London under the name of Mr. and Mrs. Grey, and she retained it.

Amidst the injuries Sir Adam received was one to the mouth and jaw. It destroyed those beautiful front teeth of his. After his recovery he sought the service of a clever but not much known dentist named Rennet, went to the pain of having the rest of his teeth extracted, and an entire set of false ones made. Two sets, in fact. The journey Rose took to London, when Miss Blake espied her with Karl, was for the purpose of getting one of these sets of teeth repaired, Sir Adam having broken the spring the night before. The teeth had to be conveyed personally to Mr. Rennett and fetched away; for they were too cautious to trust him with their address.

And now it will be seen how Sir Adam had concealed himself at the Maze. In the day-time he was the toothless, hump-backed, infirm old Hopley, working at his garden with enlarged knees and tottering steps; as soon as dusk came on, his false padding was thrown off with his smock frock and coarse clothes, and he was the well-bred gentleman, Sir Adam Wynne, in evening attire, with his white and even teeth. His assumed role was maintained always during the day; his meals were taken in the kitchen to be safe in case of any possible surprise, Ann attending upon him with all respect. The delay in admitting Nurse Chaffen, kept waiting once on the wrong side of the kitchen door, was caused by "Hopley's" taking out his set of teeth and putting on his broad brimmed hat; for it was convenient to assume the teeth during the short period devoted to dinner. The deafness was of course assumed as an additional precaution. Thus he had lived, in a state of semi-security; tending his flowers and occupied with the care of his garden generally, an employment that he loved so well. The day that General Lloyd's party went in, Karl was transfixed with apprehension and amazement to see Hopley showing himself. Adam enjoyed it; it was so like him to brave things; and he feared no danger from a pleasure party like that.

"Well, I think that is all that is needed in the way of explanation; and we can go on. Karl was looking at the digging with regretful eyes.

"You aught to be glad to see me at work again, Karl, instead of groaning over it," cried Sir Adam.

"And so I should be, Adam, only that, I fear you will feel its effects unpleasantly by and by."

"Somebody must do it. I can't see the garden quite neglected. Besides, if am well enough to work there's no reason why I should not. I am not sure, Karl, but I shall cheat you now."

"Cheat me?"

"By getting well. What should you say to that?"

"Thank heaven for it; and do my best to get you away to a place of safety."

"By George, old fellow, I don't know that I shan't. I am feeling as blithe as a bee. Rose, take yourself a trifle further off, out of the mould."

He was throwing about the spadefuls almost as well as he had ever thrown them in his strength. Rose was cheated into something like hope, and her face for the moment lost its sadness.

"I wish to goodness I had a draught of beer," cried Adam. "Where's Ann, I wonder."

Karl went to fetch it. Ann Hopley shook her head at the idea of hope, when Karl spoke of it as she gave him the beer.

"You never saw any person, who was to live on, have the look in his face that he has, sir."

"He looks fairly well to-day."

"And so he will at times to the last, as it strikes me. I have had a good deal of experience in illness, sir. As to the talking about getting well—why, sir, you know what he is; saying this, and that without meaning it. There's no doubt he feels pretty sure himself how it will be."

Karl sighed as he went back with the beer. Yes, there was no real hope.

That same night—or rather on the following morning, for the dawn was more than glimmering—Karl in his bed began to dream that he was out in a shower of hail. It seemed to be falling with great violence; so much so that a sharper crash awoke him. Lying awake for a moment and questioning where he was, he found the noise to be reality. The hail was beating on the chamber windows.

Was it hail? Scarcely. It was crashing but on one window, and only came at intervals. It sounded more like gravel. Karl rose and opened the window. Smith the agent stood underneath. A prevision of evil shook Karl as he looked out.

"He is very ill indeed, sir," said Smith in the lowest whisper possible to be heard, and extending his finger to indicate the Maze. "Mr. Moore's there and thinks it will be for death. I thought you would like to know it."

"How did you hear it?" asked Karl.

"Ann Hopley ran over and knocked me up, that I might go for the doctor."

"Thank you," replied Karl. "I'll be there directly."

Now it so happened that for some purposes of cleaning—for the Court was not exempt from these periodical visitations any more than the humble dwelling of Mrs. Chaffen—Miss Blake's chamber had been temporarily changed to the one next to that recently occupied by Lady Wynne. Miss Blake was in the habit of sleeping with her window open, and, not being asleep at the time, she had heard Mr. Smith's footsteps and the crashes at Sir Karl's window. Of course she was curious as to what could cause the noise, and at first thought of housebreakers. Had Mr. Smith chanced to turn his head in the right direction, during the colloquy with Sir Karl, he might have seen an elaborately night-capped head, peeping forth cautiously.

"Why, it is Mr. Smith!" thought Miss Blake, as he walked away. "What an extraordinary thing! He must have been calling Sir Karl up."

Listening inside as well as out, Miss Blake heard the bell that was in Hewitt's chamber ring gently; and, after a minute or two, the latter proceeding to his master's room. Then they both went down together, and Hewitt let Sir Karl out at the hall door, and came upstairs again. Miss Blake, after a good deal of self puzzling arrived at the conclusion that the affair must be in some way connected with poachers—who had been busy on the land latterly—and returned to her bed.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

POSTSCRIPTS.

—Eleven young ladies have just been made Bachelors of Art at Elmira, New York.

—Two hundred and forty women will be graduated as telegraph operators this year from Cooper Institute, New York.

—According to statistics lately compiled 72,606 persons were arrested in London last year, 24,246 of whom were women.

—"Be them antiquities old?" asked a sharp-nosed dame when looking at the papyrus and other ancient things in the Egyptian department of the Centennial Exhibition.

—The prevalent fashion of wearing the end of the parasol handle in the mouth, suggests the desirability of having it made of sugar cane or other succulent material.

—A poet singeth:

In antique times we are in schoolbooks told,
Whatever Midas touched was turned to gold.
In modern mercenary times like these,
Men touched with gold are changed to what you please.

The shortness of life and the hollowness of all things are touchingly expressed by the Welsh poet, David Evans, who says:

"Yn Elstedfodd wych llmp grymwch.
Dryw gwydd diw iwrg mlpyddwch."

It is a solemn thought—weird and pathetic.

—A kiss for each falling star is the lover's rule, and whoever a meteor shoots across the firmament the listening pedestrian may hear from the shadows of the front steps such exclamations as "Oh! George, don't! There, now, you naughty man. I hope you are satisfied."

—The Sioux warrior throws a blanket over his own head and the head of the squaw to whom he wishes to make love, and their courtship thus hidden from observation. A belle of the tribe sometimes finds a row of suitors, with blankets, waiting at the door of her wigwam.

—At the annual convention of American Civil Engineers held recently in the Judges' Pavilion it was stated that 8,340,000 pounds of iron had been used in the construction of the Main Building, and the measurement of this material was equal to a length of 141 miles.

—An enthusiastic visitor just returned from Philadelphia to Buffalo says there ought be a law passed punishing with fine and imprisonment any American citizen who does not go to see the Exhibition, unless he can produce certificates of absolute poverty or sudden death.

—To the demonstration of Professor Huxley that the horse is an evolution from the archippus, the *Buffalo Express* very pointedly responds: "Nor. pussibun is safe in these days. This scandal would never have come out if the horse hadn't been running for something."

—The Celestial despised of the Californian, has shown himself in New England to be good for something beside the wash-tub and abuse. At the recent examination of the Hopkins grammar school in New Haven, Connecticut, he took the first prize in English composition. His name was Spencer Lukeun.

—Blood has been shed in old times for a smaller insult than the New York *Herald* puts upon Boston in calling it "a town which is known in history mainly because it puts molasses into its baked beans." Moreover, the statement is untrue as well as insulting. The molasses is put in before the beans are baked.

—The prevailing disease among New York artists is paralysis of the right wrist, which compels them to learn the use of the brush in the left hand. Hereafter, when one finds the cow in a farm-yard scene on the wrong side of the milkmaid, it will be easier to understand than it has been heretofore.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It is stated that General Sherman will remove the Pitch diamonds, made free of duty by act of Congress, from the New York subtreasury within a day or two. They are the famous gift of the Khedive of Egypt to the general's daughter, and have been in this country for more than a year, awaiting the action of Congress. They consist of a superb necklace and earrings, and their value has been estimated from $75,000 to $200,000.

—Potent is the influence of Centennial memories. The young ladies of Packer Institute, Brooklyn, instead of an ivy, planted a cherry tree. We hope that no naughty G. W. with his little hatchet will ever get into the Institute garden. May the wishes of the fair poetess whose muse inspired the following sweet, pretty song for the occasion be more than realized:

Plant we the Cherry-tree,
Long live the Cherry-Tree!
Long may it bloom!
May it grow straight and tall
To shade both great and small,
Long to wave over all,
Long may it bloom!

Thy choicest fruits in store
On us be pleased to pour,
O, Cherry-tree!
Be thou full of delights
To future Packerites,
Give them sweet, juicy bites,
O, Cherry-Tree!

—We have become rather famous for the novelty, variety, and taking system of our advertising. Expense is not spared where striking display is obtainable. We are beaten, however, for the present, by Scottish ingenuity on a bold and a large scale. In the vicinity of of Glasgow, back of Ardenlee, gangs of navvies were employed for weeks on the surface of one particular hill, or rather range of hills. There was much guessing as to the purpose of this. At last came the result; passengers on board ocean-bound steamers, looking seaward, saw the name of a Glasgow newspaper displayed, in gigantic letters all along the hill-side. This announcement is 323 feet long, each letter is 40 feet, and the name can be distinctly read *at a distance of nine miles!*

I Suffered for Several Years from Asthma, and from some affection of the throat, resembling Bronchitis. After spending a great deal of money on various medicines, with no material benefit, in March last, on the recommendation of Mr. F. Peters, of this place, I obtained Dr. Jayne's Expectorant. After taking two bottles of this remedy I found myself so much relieved, that I continued taking it until I used seven bottles, and by this time my symptoms had all disappeared and I have every reason to believe myself cured.

AGRICULTURAL.

HANG an old stub of a broom in the tool shed now to clean the plows and cultivators. And saw the handle short from a light one and keep it close by the place for hoes and shovels.

W. H. LAZENBY, of the horticultural department of Cornell University, has made a number of experiments, and finds that by sprouting garden seeds before sowing there is a gain of three or four days in the time of ripening.

FEW persons practice pruning cucumber, melon, and other similar kinds of vines; still, it is just as beneficial, if properly done, as the annual pruning of the grape and other woody plants. The pruning should be confined, however, to the pinching off of the ends or shoots only.

TO KEEP the roots from rambling we lift, and if necessary shorten a few times while the trees are young, thus bringing them into the habit of forming fibry roots near home; while to prevent them entering cold, unsuitable soil we find there is nothing so effectual as keeping the surface soil in a suitable state as regards moisture and richness, and, of course, not digging and cropping it.

A FARMER states that he planted five rows of corn with seed taken from the three inches below the top of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the extreme point; then five rows taken from the middle and base of the ear, rejecting the imperfect grains at the butt. The result was that the five rows planted from the middle and butt of the ear ripened about two and a half weeks before the other rows, the corn of the former being better cared and filled to the end of the cob.

IN THE FIELDS.—A correspondent traveling in Pennsylvania says that it is common to see farmers' wives working in the fields in certain sections of the State. The writer adds: "Lately we noticed a young single lady handling with wonderful skill a large cultivator, to which three heavy horses were attached. At another farm we noticed several women planting corn and potatoes, and at another place a young and newly married woman was spreading lime—one of the ugliest jobs on a farm. Such and many other jobs are done by country women—feats that would astonish some of your city ladies."

THE celebrated farmer, John Johnson, of Geneva, N. Y., says he has used plaster every year since he came on his farm, now fifty-four years; and it has done wonders for him on corn, clover, and grass. The first he used was on corn, soaking the corn in water, then mixing it with plaster when wet. He planted plastered corn, and a hired man planted the corn that was not plastered. When the corn was up, that which was plastered was stronger and better colored than the other. It kept ahead throughout the season, and when ripe a blind man could have told the difference by feeling the stalks and ears.

A NEW enemy to the growing crop of corn has been discovered this spring, which is committing considerable destruction in some sections of the country. It is a peculiar black worm, which can scarcely be crushed on the loose earth, as it is encased in a suit of armor difficult to break. They operate in the corn hills by eating of the young plants. As many as ten or twelve worms are found in one hill. The cutworm has hitherto been a great annoyance, but this new pest is said to be even more destructive. In some townships farmers are busy replanting cornfields that have been thus devastated. Paris green has been found to be as efficacious in exterminating these worms as it is in destroying the potato bug. Powdered white hellebore is said to be very efficacious.—*Reading (Pa.) Times.*

DR. WATTS was, it appears, not scientifically accurate, when, in a nursery rhyme, he spoke of the little busy bee that "gathers honey all the day from every opening flower." More to the busy bee's credit, however, and possibly having a better moral to child-minds is the fact that bees do not gather honey, but make it from flowers. The eminent American entomologist, Professor C. V. Riley, at a bee keeper's council held at St. Louis, had the question put to him: Do bees make, or gather honey? The Professor says they make it. The nectar lying in flowers never would become honey, says Professor Riley, no matter how manipulated by the hands and minds of men; but it is taken up by the bees, and passed through a state of semi-digestion and excretion, resulting in the manufacture of what is called honey, yet still retaining in part the flavor or perfume of the flowers, by which we determine one kind of honey from another. Professor Riley's views were corroborated by a paper read by a botanist and chemist, of Louisiana, describing the process of change undergone by nectar, in the stomach of the bee, in order to become honey.

SOMETHING NEW ABOUT PEARS.—Mr. P. T. Quinn tells the following story in his "Rural Topics," in *Scribner* for July: A few years ago, a gentleman living in the suburbs of New York, anxious to have large pear-trees that would bear fruit soon, contracted with a tree agent for some Bartletts, the price of which was fixed at $10 apiece. The trees came in due time and were set out. In two years from the time of planting, they bore a small round russet pear, that hung on the trees until late in October. About this time, the very same agent made his appearance, and, being reminded of the contract to furnish Bartletts, he asked to be allowed to examine the trees and fruit the latter still hanging on the trees. He examined both carefully, and suddenly turning toward his victim, said with a stern expression: "Well, sir, when I sold you those trees, I supposed you were a well-read, intelligent man; but now I am of a different opinion." This very singular remark brought forth the query, "Why?" from the owner. "Why!" was the response from the agent, "to think of a man of culture at this day and age, who does not know the fact, that a Bartlett tree never bears Bartlett pears the first year." The gentleman admitted his ignorance, and the peddler left, master of the situation. Some weeks after, the victim made inquiry of a neighbor to know if he was aware of this strange phenomenon in horticulture. Since then, the tree agent has not made his appearance in this section of the country.

COMING DOWN IN LIFE.

The great lesson which the wise man is learning all through life is how to come down without giving up. Learning from the many mortifications and rebuffs to think more humbly of ourselves and still resolve to do our very best.

We aim high at first. Children expect to be always eating pudding and drinking cream; clever boys expect to be famous men. Our vanity and self-love and romance are out in upon day by day; but if we are wise we never give up.

A form of social "coming down" falls to the lot of many women when they get married. Young girls generally have a glorified ideal of the husband whom they are to find; handsome, clever, kind, affectionate, probably rich and famous. But a sad pressure is put upon all such fancies.

And men of an imaginative turn do not always find the sympathetic companion of their early visions. Think of the great author walking in the summer fields and saying to his wife as he looked at the frisking lambs, that they seemed so innocent and happy, that he did not wonder that in all ages the lamb has been taken as the emblem of happiness and purity. Fancy the convulsion in his mind when the lady replied: "Yes, lamb is very nice, especially with mint sauce!"

But to return to solemn things, the heroic view is this: Things are bad but they might be worse, and if we can do no better, rank ourselves with "Nature's underwood and flowers that prosper in the shade."

PRIMITIVE LOVE.

The most primitive idea of the relation of the man and woman in our Bible is not at all what we make it now—that the man is the volume and the woman the supplement. It is rather that the man is the first volume, good enough as far as it goes; but, if there is to be no second, more aggravating than if there were none—a story half told and then broken off, just as we begin to get interested, demanding not a supplement, but a complement, to make it complete.

I THINK OF THEE.

BY MODEST MUSE.

I think of thee when all is bright,—
When from the sky above
Shine down the radiant beams of light,
And God's effulgent love;
'Tis then I think of thee, my dear,
And feel that thou art very near.

And when the sky is overcast,
And all is wrapped in gloom,
And loud the flashing, frightful blast,
Portends the final doom;
Oh, then I think of thy frail form
And fain would shield thee from the storm!

When busy toil my time employs,
And clouds oppress me still,
And far off seems the coming joys
That may our cup yet fill;
Then Hope doth bring thee to my side,
And cheerily the moments glide.

And when the sombre shades of night
My weary eyelids close,
Off to new scenes of pure delight
My mind ecstatic goes;
And there, in dreamland's fairy clime
I think of thee, and call thee mine.

RAPIDS OF THE ST. LAWRENCE.

"Oh, captain, captain, for heaven's sake put me on shore!" This was the exclamation of a Chicago lady of twenty-five years, who came down the Lachine rapids the other morning. She went up with us on the train from Montreal at seven o'clock, and came down on the little steamer *Aurora*, which shoots the Lachine rapids every morning, bringing her passengers to Montreal in season for breakfast. There is not the least possible danger. The little *Aurora* has been down those same rapids every summer morning for the last six years without accident, but there are always those who are alarmed at the peculiar motion of the boat, and at the sight of the big waves that dash on her prow, and the ugly rocks that beset her pathway. There are always some women on board who see horrible death staring them right in the face. The excitement on this morning was begun by a Chicago lady. It was "so beautiful," she said, as the boat started on the first decline. But she changed her tune as she approached the great white caps. "Edward," she said to her husband, "I am not going through that place. I want you to ask the captain to put me on shore."

"Nonsense, Kate, there is no danger. Keep quiet; I'll take good care of you."

"You take good care of me! What could you do if the boat struck one of those boulders. I tell you, Edward, I will not go down there, and that's the end of it. Once more, I tell you, ask the captain to put me on shore."

"Kate, I am ashamed of you. I shall not ask the captain to do any such thing."

Poor Kate began to look serious. Meanwhile the steamer came nearer and nearer to the ugly rocks. Suddenly she started with a rush to the captain, whom she saw standing at the wheelhouse. "For heaven's sake, captain, put me on shore," It was a frantic shout, and as it came to the ears of the passengers, it alarmed them. They began to look serious, too, and rushed with one accord to hear the answer of the captain. He could only say: "It is impossible, madame." "Impossible!" shrieked Kate, "impossible! Oh, my God! I—feel—faint; save me, Edward, I fail." The word was no sooner out of her mouth than the act followed. But she was very unfortunate in the selection of the place where she fainted. There chanced to be a tub of fresh raspberries just by the wheelhouse—a tub with a wide mouth—in fact, a washtub. What possessed Kate to faint into this tub of raspberries is more than I know. But one thing is certain—she will never wear that gray silk dress again. Of course Edward was right on hand, and so was I, and so were half a dozen others. We snatched Kate from out the raspberries in a twinkling, and by dint of smelling-bottles, buckets of water, continuous rubbing, and a flood of endearing epithets, managed to restore her to consciousness, just as the boat touched the Montreal wharf. Edward paid for the raspberries at ten cents a quart, $5.40; the dress was a new one, and cost just an even $100; a pair of striped Balbriggan hose—very pretty, by the way—was worth $1.50; a lace handkerchief, with an embroidered cupid in one corner, was valued at $6, while sundry other things, such as a pair of five-button kid gloves, a light-brown chignon, a very long bustle, etc., counted up $20 more. All these things were ruined completely, so that the exact cost of Kate's faint was $132.50.

FACETIÆ.

VISITORS that always come on foot—Corns.

WHY is the letter "o" the most charitable letter?—Because it is found oftener than any other in "doing good."

"Do you love me still, John?" whispered a sensitive wife to her husband. "Of course I do—the stiller the better, answered the stupid husband.

"WHY is it, my dear sir," said Waffles' landlady to him the other day, "that you newspaper men never get rich?" "I do not know," was the reply, "except that dollars and sense do not always travel together."

WHEN Brigham Young finds that the biscuits are burned and the meat overdone, he puts on his hat and goes out and brings home a new wife. This course is calculated to make his wives careful.

SCENE: Village inn, Hampshire. Languid English swell: "Bibuwa will, caw hcaw?" Barmaid: "Beg pard'n, sir!" Swell: "Bibuwa will caw hcaw?" Barmaid: "Don't understand French, sir!" Swell: "Haw!" (Exit.) (He is supposed to have meant, Is there a rifle corps here?)

LAST news from the spirit world—Medium: "The spirit of the late Mr. Jones is present." Jones' widow (with emotion): "I hope you are happy, Jones." Jones (raps out): "Far happier than I ever was on earth." Jones' widow: "Oh, Jones, then you must be in heaven." Jones: "On the contrary——."

"SECOND class in grammar, stand up," said the schoolmaster. "John is a bad boy. Who does John correspond with?" "I know," said the little boy at the foot, holding up his hand. "If you mean John Smithers, he corresponds with my sister Susan; here's a letter he just gim'me to carry home to her."

MME. SUZANNE LAGIER, a good actress, but extremely stout, was one night enacting a part in a melodrama with Taliade, the original *Pierre* of the "Two Orphans," who had, at one moment, to carry her fainting off the stage. He tried with all his might to lift the fair heroine, but although she helped her little comrade by standing on tiptoe in the usual manner, he was unable to move an inch. At this juncture, a boy in the gallery cried out: "Take what you can, and come back for the rest."

A CHRISTIAN WARNING.—She was a colored lady and attending a revival of religion, and had worked herself up to the extreme pitch of going to the good place in a moment, or sooner if possible. As her friends gave vent to their feelings, she likewise gave vent to her feeling, and exclaimed:

"I wish I was a June bug!"

A brother of sable hue, standing near by, inquired:

"What do you want to be one for?"

"That I might fly to my Jesus."

"You fool nigger: woodpecker ketch you 'fore you get half way dar."

DIDN'T WANT TO BE SOFT SOAPED.

The most memorable cleaning that ever was done with soft soap was when it cleaned out a band of savages. Soft soap was first most effectually employed in the country by the Swedish women who defended the old (log) Swedish church below Philadelphia, before the city was laid out. A friendly squaw gave notice of an intened attack by the Indians. The Scandinavian ladies were boiling soap, and they at once concluded to convert the contents of the kettle into amunition of defense. They lifted it into the church, with fire-wood to keep it hot. As the warriors began to undermine the foundations they received on their bare backs a spirited fire of the terrible material, which in due time sent them howling into the wilderness. The incident was related by a participant, who died in London at an advanced age. She was a granddaughter of the Swedish burgher Suen Schule.

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreaths round the cradle, the marriage altar and the tomb.

The Rebellion of the Stomach.

The stomach obstinately rebels against all efforts to make it digest superabundant or indigestible food. When a fit of dyspepsia has been brought on by over indulgence in the pleasures of the table, or any other cause, the invalid can obtain from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters prompter and more complete relief than from any other source. This admirable specific not only renders digestion active, but regulates the secretion and distribution of the bile, re-establishes a regular habit of body when costiveness exists, restores the appetite, soothes and invigorates the nerves, and, if taken before retiring, facilitates sleep. Under these happy conditions, the dyspeptic or bilious subject regains lost flesh, his spirits recover their elasticity, and all the various and harassing bodily and mental symptoms of chronic indigestion disappear.

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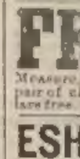

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NEW YORK, May 25th, 1876.

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GENTLEMEN:

100 of your **Wakefield Closets** have been in use **four years** in Central Park. They have given *entire satisfaction*. We have ceased using the Water Closets, which were *contaminating the water* of our lakes. Respectfully,

JULIUS MUNCKWITZ, Supt. D. P. P.

GRAND EXPOSITION HOTEL,

PHILADELPHIA, May 18, 1876.

GENTLEMEN: The fifty

CABINET CLOSETS

that you sent us give general satisfaction to our

FASHION NOTES.

Whether it is due to the Centennial and the necessity for wearing costumes appropriate for excursions to the Exhibition Grounds or not, we cannot say, but there is a noticeable simplicity of attire this season.

So much is said about feminine extravagance in these days that perhaps there is a species of reform in dress quietly working.

Among the many charming costumes which we have observed, none was more pleasing for neatness and style than one of blue percaline and linen.

The under skirt was of the percaline, and was very dark in color—almost an invisible blue—and had a knife pleated flounce of seven inches in depth on the bottom.

The sleeves were of the blue, with two knife pleated ruffles at the wrist.

The overskirt was of cream-colored linen, with a knife pleating around it.

The basque was half tight fitting, being also of the linen edged, with a cream colored pleating.

A standing ruffle edges the neck. A wide blue sash loops the overskirt.

A wide Leghorn hat, with a long scarf of dark blue grenadine, was worn with this suit.

A COMBINATION SUIT,

of dark brown and plaided brown percaline, was made, with lower skirt of plain brown, trimmed with two gathered flounces.

The overskirt and box-pleated waist being of plaided percaline, the plaid formed by hair-lines of white, in groups of four.

The sleeves were trimmed with two narrow ruffles of plain brown, turned downwards and two turned upwards.

Many overdresses of lawn and organdy muslins are worn over silk under-skirts.

SUITS FOR MORNING

wear, of white cambric and Victoria lawn, trimmed with Hamburg edging, slightly fulled on, are very popular. The basque retains the French shape, longer on the hips and in front than at the back.

After all said about the return of the once popular polonaise, we do not see many of them worn. Nothing in suits for summer is more convenient than the basque and overskirt.

A FEW POLONAISES,

however, are seen in Mexicaines and Hamburg cloth; also in Heroanis and grenadines, but these are exceptional.

SUITS IN STRIPED SILKS,

black and white or blue and white; brown and gray, and black and gold-color are very popular.

Since the display of tasteful articles in this line at the Centennial,

FRENCH JEWELRY

has taken a new lease of popularity.

Apropos of French articles reminds us of two suits from Paris that we have lately seen, both intended to be worn at the watering places, although they could be worn in the city on certain occasions. One was of pale blue silk, and cream-colored pongee. The underskirt was of the silk, with a gathered flounce and puff of the same. The overdress was of the pongee, and was very peculiar in shape, having some of the features of the polonaise. It fitted smoothly and tightly over the hips.

It was laced up with a cord in the back to just below the hips, where the back breadth was of silk, set in six large pleats, three on each side, and turning to the middle.

Three sashes of blue silk were set on at intervals on each side of the overdress, where the pongee joined the silk breadth; these sashes were then tied across the silk width, the first commencing just below the hips, the last being about eight or nine inches from the hem.

A blue silk fold, three and a half inches wide, was placed on the bottom of the pongee overdress.

Three blue silk ruffles trimmed the sleeves, and a standing collar of similar material, ending in revers upon the bust, finished the neck.

A shirred pocket of silk was placed low down on the right side.

THE OTHER SUIT

was of slate-colored silk, and grenadine of the same shade.

The underskirt had three narrow flounces gathered on.

The overdress was a sort of polonaise, buttoning down the front, and also having bows of ribbon put on.

The neck was cut in surplice fashion, and had revers of silk. A fold of silk, cut in a pointed zig-zag, odd but pretty, was stitched on down each side of the front and having a row of tiny silk buttoned down the centre had a good contrasting effect upon the grenadine.

The same trimming cut in decided and regular points, edged with knotted silk fringe, was carried around the bottom of the garment.

The sleeves had trimming on the upper side to match that upon the front of the polonaise: silk cuffs, edged top and bottom, with pleatings of grenadine, finished the sleeves.

A STYLISH SACQUE,

for traveling purposes, was of heavy black silk, with deep vest, and square, long fronts cut away to reveal it. The upper part was exactly like a man's coat, and buttoned with large tinted pearl buttons.

These buttons extended in a row down each side of the front. Three were placed on the square lappels of the pockets; three upon the deep square cuff of the sleeve.

The bottom of the sacque was simply hemmed in two rows of machine stitching.

Several pretty

WAYS OF ARRANGING THE HAIR

have been shown to us.

To commence with, one suitable to a matron:

The back of the hair is done in five, lengthwise finger puffs. The front has three finger puffs on top, with a few frizzed ends falling over the forehead.

A half handkerchief of fine black Chantilly lace is pinned on at the back, with ornamental pearl and enamel pins. This coiffure is worn powdered, the contrast with the black lace being effective.

A pretty arrangement for a young lady had the front hair drawn plainly back, leaving a small waved fringe or "bang" over the forehead. A heavy braid passed across the top of the head well back. Two puffs were at the back of it. A loop of braid was brought down low on the neck, and caught up on the other side with a golden arrow.

Still another had the front hair drawn back over a low cushion or roll, with a plain "bang;" above this roll was a heavy braid, fastening under the back hair.

This latter was waved in three loose curls, and allowed to hang free on the shoulders.

A butterfly bow, of bright cardinal silk, was worn high up on the left side.

Small round Japanese fans are used. Thanks are due to Messrs. Homer & Colladay for information received.

OUR WORK TABLE.

There is a style of Bournous or Summer wrap much in vogue this summer, which comes among the imported goods, and is said to be of East Indian manufacture. It is consequently very expensive, and being graceful and serviceable, we think our friends will thank us for suggesting how it may be made at home.

The materials required are three yards of pearl gray, pale blue, or clear scarlet cashmere.

From six to twelve dozen skeins of white floss silk.

Three large soft tassels of white silk.

A flat white silk cord, with a tassel on each end.

The shape is simple, being two and three quarters yards of the cashmere, hemmed on one side of the length.

A large hook and eye is placed three quarters of a yard apart, at equal distances from the middle of the cloth, and is sewed upon the side which is not hemmed.

A facing of silk six inches deep may be put upon this side also.

A flat square hood is attached to this upper side, being put on in the middle of it. The three tassels are sewed on to the hood in this manner: one on each of the lower corners, and one in the centre.

So much for the wrap itself; now for the embroidery. It is done in what is known as the point de russe stitch, which consists of long stitches on the upper side.

The most appropriate and also easiest pattern is a cluster of palm leaves connected by a vine in what is called "cat stitch."

The clusters should be about six inches apart—the largest cluster being in the middle of the back at the border. The palm leaves can be stamped at any place where such work is done—the vine shaped in working. We furnish pattern of warp for 65 cents.

ANSWERS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

Mrs. L. M. K.—Make the blue and gray plaid percale, with overskirt and basque trimmed with knife pleated frill of plain blue.

The linen hats you allude to are still worn. They are shirred, and have fine covered bonnet wire run into the casings to give a proper shape. In laundrying them the wire must be removed.

Ella B.—The ruffling for trimming linen suits can be procured, embroidered by machine and wrought either in black or white, or else self-colored thread. It is not very expensive. Wear your hair high at the top of the head, and also drooping in low plaits or curls on the nape of the neck.

Mrs. M. V.—The patterns you desire will cost $1.65: they will include the entire set.

NIMON.

ONLY A LITTLE SHOE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "COMIN' THRO' THE RYE."

There it lies, a little shoe—
Only that, at least to you.
Just such others, six or more,
Patter on your nursery floor:
And your heart and lips are smiling,
Some sweet thought is you beguiling,
Of one little pair of feet
That will hurry out to meet
Mother . . . and when they have found you,
Chubby arms will cling around you.
You will have no need to call him,
Neither sleep nor death enthral him.
You will hold him to your breast,
With an utter sense of rest:
All your own, within your grasp,
At your neck the baby clasp.

And to me a tearless weeping,
And a hunger never sleeping,
As I stand, my heart out-leaping
Knocking, knocking at the door,
Where God stands for evermore.
For He holds the wee one who
Once did wear this little shoe.
And the tender little voice,
That did make my heart rejoice,
May be He has taught another
Language, and the childish clinging
Has died out in his upbringing
And he will not know his mother.

Not the shoe, but what was in it,
As the cage that holds the linnet.
Did I love; but Christ bereft me,
And the husk alone is left me:
On my dead heart let it lie;
I could leave it, if on high
My lost little one should meet me
Tottering, hurrying up to greet me...
This you know not—only you
See a common little shoe.

ANGENETTE.

BY HESTER A. BENEDICT.

That was her *real* name, but we all called her *Angie;* and we all loved her, though she never invited any demonstration of our regard, and was always quiet and cold.

Sometimes I have wondered if our love for her was not born of pity for the something sorrowful that never went away from her large grey eyes, though she was so young, *so young!* and the world so sweet withal.

Be that as it might, we only knew that no party, no pic-nic, no boat-ride, no anything, was quite complete without the light of those same grey eyes; and we grew used to the shadow there, and almost forgot to wonder how it came, and why, as we were often wondering during her first year at Millbrook.

She was fifteen that "first year," and before another year had passed, her father and mother were lying side by side under the hemlocks on the hill, and Angie was alone and penniless.

The shadow that we had grown used to, deepened in her soft, sweet eyes, and here face was white and drawn, but no one ever saw her weep.

"The burden is a weighty one," she had said, with just the slightest quiver of her lips, and a quick, convulsive clasping of her hands, "but it is upon me, and I shall bear it till it is lifted from me, or I from it."

And so she had gone quietly about her work—that of teaching the youth of Millbrook, though she herself was scarce more than a child, the directors had said, half grumbling, though they could not refuse her "a trial" when she had asked for it as her "only chance to live independent of charity."

For she had been taught nothing but books—nothing save the lessons learned from the sorrow whose shadow was always in her eyes—and was as ignorant as a boy of the uses of scissors, buttons and thread. An old negress kept her scant wardrobe in order, and Angie rewarded her many times over, in her own winsome way, and little by little learned to mend, and even to make, her own cheap dresses that were always becoming and "fit her to a T," Aunt Chloe said.

For three years now, Angie Lee had been queen of hearts in the red school-house in the hollow, and all that time she had been growing dearer, as she had grown more beautiful and bewitching.

All in such a quiet matter-of-course way, too.

Harold Morehead, whose father was "the millionaire of Millbrooke" though worth no more than a hundred thousand and who was himself a lawyer with some ability and few clients, had decided to sacrifice himself upon the altar of his regard for the penniless school-mistress, and make her mistress of his house, as she already was of whatever heart he had saved from half a dozen flirtations that had almost proved serious.

He had but to open the way for her, he thought, and she would walk in it gladly to the shelter of his roof and the honor of his name. And though the alliance might not add to his wealth, his place, or his power, he loved "the little quiet, haughty thing, and—"

Well—it ended there. For when he laid "his life, his fortune and his sacred honor" at the humble feet of the teacher she turned ghastly from forehead to lips and seemed to retain scarce enough of life out of which to frame a refusal to accept them.

"You will forgive me, Angie, dear," Mrs. Wilber said, to the girl who had given her her confidence in all that had transpired since her mother's death. "I am sure, you will forgive me if I seem to question the wisdom of your decision. Mr. Morehead is a splendid match as the world goes—"

"What is the world to me—what do I care for it?" interrupted the girl, manifesting more spirit than her friends had ever given her credit for possessing, and her usually pale face flushed hotly.

"The world may not seem much to us, Angie, but it is our home, nevertheless; and we ought to make it just as bright and sweet for ourselves, and others, as we can."

"Not at the sacrifice of self respect, though, and that would be immolated upon the altar of a marriage without love."

"And you are sure you could not learn to love Harold? Sure that you are sure, dear?"

For answer, Angie, took a locket from her bosom, touched its spring and laid it open on the pretty pink palm of her adviser.

Such a handsome, good face it was! It's hair brown and abundant; its eyes the kind that search deep and haunt forever; its mouth expressing firmness and tenderness allied, and its *tout ensemble* just that which wins a woman's trust and holds it to the end.

Mrs. Wilber studied it a long time, closely, and in silence. Then,

"You were right," she said, returning the picture, and speaking very softly "The world is full of men like Harold; no one of them all could stir a pulse of the woman beloved by such as *he*."

"I have loved him half my life," Angie said, speaking half to herself as she fondled, a little, the souvenir of her mysterious past, "loved him half my life; and till that life shall be 'rounded to a sleep,' I shall be *true to him*."

"And he?"

"*True as steel;* but whether on earth or in heaven, I do not know. O, God, I do not know!"

The forced calm of years was broken at last, and the poor girl's sobs and moans shook her small form, as a lily stalk is shaken and torn in the storm of long-time gathering.

Mrs. Wilber had taken the bowed head close to her heart, and was kissing pityingly, and crying into the purple shades of the soft, bright hair so long unkissed by—*him*. After awhile, when both were quieter,

"Where is he, Angie?" she asked, "If he is 'true as steel' why has he left you alone all these years to fight life's battle, or to die in it, as chance or fate—"

"Or God" broke in the lips that had no sign of life save their pitiful dividing.

"Yes, or God would have it."

"Don't be angry with him, please," pleaded the *woman* in the poor, forsaken child. "I was so young, you know, and he was so much older, and so rich and so grand. And papa and mamma would have it that he meant me harm. We were so poor, you know; so pitifully, pitifully poor!"

"And they brought you to Millbrook to hide you from him! I know as well as if you had told me," Mrs. Wilber broke in vehemently.

"Yes; and I could not even say goodbye. O, they were so hard, so hard upon me!"

And again the sobs shook the little figure and startled into silence the sparrows twittering among the boughs of the elm that grew beside the window.

"But, perhaps, they were *wise*, Angie."

"*Wise!*" with a sudden uplifting of her face, and a tone in her voice entirely new to the friend who had been like a mother to her since her own mother was buried under the hemlocks. "Wise! to tear me from the only bright thing my life had ever had or could have, and drive me to—well; *you* know what the prospect is."

"Poor child!" sighed Mrs. Wilber.

"I never was a child!" the girl answered petulantly. "I was *born* old. I never had a child's toy or a child's sunshine. I was put to books when I was a wee, toddling thing and kept at them. Papa was rich, then, and I had a governess; later on, a tutor—later still, the storm fell; and poor and proud papa left town and settled in a pretty village on the Hudson, and there—"

"He found you?"

"Yes; and the rest you know."

"But you wrote to him, explaining—"

"Never a word—until—until they were gone. Papa had returned his letters unopened—letters that were forwarded from the old place by one who was sworn not to reveal our hiding place, and I was not permitted to write a word to any one. O you cannot guess how closely I was watched."

"But you did write, you say, after—"

"Yes; after no one could be saddened by any ill of mine. And, a week later, I read among the list of 'Americans at Paris,' the name of Philip Earl."

A long silence fell there, then. The sparrows twittered softer than ever, and the sunshine lay goldenly on the young, bowed head, while Mrs. Wilber, stroking the soft hair, was thinking hopefully, "She will get over this in time. She is so young! so young!"

A shadow fell suddenly between them and the window opening on the terrace. Some one was entering, unannounced. Mrs. Wilber half rose to resent the intrusion she was powerless to prevent, when, not minding, I think not seeing her at all, the stranger bent to the bowed, bright head, crying:

"Angie! O my darling, have I found you?"

"I tells ye she in dar, Massa, hi! hi!" and Aunt Chloe chuckled to herself in the doorway, but nobody minded her at all

An hour later Philip Earl was apologizing to Mrs. Wilber for his rudeness.

"I could not help it, madame; indeed I could not. If the house had been filled with Seraphims, I should have seen but her whose pure young face has been for years my 'pillar of cloud by day,' and my 'pillar of fire by night.'"

"Why didn't it lead you here, sooner, then?" queried the practical hostess.

And Angie answered—sensitive to the least shadow of blame that could reach to her beloved. "He only returned from the Continent a week ago, and only happened to find my three-year-old letter then."

Mrs. Wilber looked her inquiries, which Philip answered by saying: "It was all the fault of an old servant whom I would have trusted with my soul. But, as Angie is content, we'll let it pass, now. Shall we not, dear?" drawing the little head back upon his bosom and kissing its soft sweet eyes, out of which the shadow had gone forever.

Three days later there was a quiet wedding at Mrs. Wilber's. It seemed a little too soon—"and no *trousseau* whatever," Angie said. But Philip insisted it was not soon enough by at least three years, and Philip had his way—which "way" led on and on forever through blossoms of best, best good to Angie."

NELLIE GRANT'S SILVER.—The wedding presents of Nellie Grant were exhibited in London to a select circle soon after her arrival in England. The English were surprised at the quantity of silver given her. It is not customary there to choose silver for wedding gifts, it being generally supposed that all well-to-do families have enough silver as heirlooms, or have purchased enough to answer every purpose. The question was more than once asked of those who had the presents on exhibition: "Why did they give her so much silver; did her friends think the family into which she married had none?"

THE MICHIGAN STATE BUILDING.

The showy villa erected at the Centennial Grounds by the State of Michigan has been recently completed and formally opened. As in the other state buildings, the headquarters of the state commissioners are located there, and it is a rallying point for citizens of that state who visit the exhibition. It is of graceful architecture and reflects credit on the Commissioners under whose supervision it has been erected. The materials used in the construction, from the timbers to the glass in the windows, are wholly from Michigan. The interior finishings of different woods, including paneled wainscoting of Lake Superior marble, are very fine. The pleasant welcome given to visitors by the gentlemen in attendance renders it doubly attractive.

MICHIGAN STATE BUILDING.

PRESENT DUTY.—He who is false to present duty breaks a thread in the loom and will see the defect when the weaving of lifetime is unrolled.

WATERING-PLACE ITEMS.

WHITE MOUNTAIN Hotels retain last years' prices. The season in this locality never commences before July.

Now is the time to visit Niagara, when the railroad rates are so low by reason of the annual war. Excursion tickets to Niagara, by Erie, are now only $8.

AT Stonington, Connecticut, the fashionable rendezvous in the cool of the evening is the Breakwater, where the village maidens sit listening to the waves dashing on the stones, and sadly thinking "what might have been."

IT is now the time to take conspicuous position on the balcony of the Long Branch hotels about the time the evening train is due from the city, to inhale dust and gaze upon fashion and style, to return stares and acknowledge nods, to get up and sail in to supper, to eat soft shell crabs and drink milk, to get cramps and then send for the doctor.

IT would have caused surprise, indeed, if we had been told ten years ago that passengers would in this generation be able to start from Boston and ride by railroad to the very summit of Mount Washington, without stowing it or walking a single rod; but this our readers may do on the 1st of July. The Boston, Concord and Montreal Railroad has extended the road from the Fabyan House to the base of the mountain, and makes direct connection with the cars running up the mountain. Express trains are to run through in seven and a half hours, leaving Boston at 8 A. M., and two trains daily will go up and down the mountain.

RICHFIELD, Springs, Otsego county, N. Y., is one of the most fashionable and the most healthful resorts that can be sought by the summer tourist. The place itself is charming, possessing numberless attractions among which may be mentioned the fact that it is 2,000 feet above the water, with mountains towering on the north, east and west, affording a barrier to high winds, and tempering the air so as to render the climate invigorating and delightful. To the south the gorges opening wide apart reveal a number of beautiful lakes stretching out to the valley below. It is a restful panorama to fill the eyes of the sick and weary! There are fine drives in every direction from these springs, and they offer constant inducement to the feeble and well and strong to seek out-door exercise and amusement. What with the wonderful sanitary advantages and the luxuries of house and table to be obtained here, there is scarcely room to wish for more. Numbers will doubtless flock thither, and let this entire change of climate with the new and delightful scenery it affords.

PERSONALITIES.

REV. MR. SPURGEON writes that he will visit the United States in the autumn.

PROF. HUXLEY will visit this country during the present month, and during his stay deliver three lectures.

REV. JOSIAH HENSON, the original "Uncle Tom" in Mrs. Stowe's novel, sailed from Boston recently for Liverpool.

THE Earl and Countess of DUFFERIN, who are now in Quebec, will visit New York and Philadelphia in September next

SPENCER LAIBUN, a Chinese lad, took the first prize in English composition at the Hopkins Grammar School, New Haven, last week. Congress must look into this matter.

IT is reported of John T. Raymond, the original representative of Col. Sellers on the stage, that he has never read "The Gilded Age," the novel from which the character is derived.

CAPTAIN CELSO CÆSAR MORENO, the projector of the Pacific cable, is now in Washington, and will soon visit Philadelphia and the Exhibition, in connection with his enterprise.

MRS. CRAIK, the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has erected near her residence in Kent, England, a drinking fountain, near which is to be kept a constant supply of penny loaves, while a box has been prepared in which those disposed may deposit pence for keeping up the supply of bread.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY, the member for Galway in the House of Commons, while speaking in a recent debate on the subject of Irish taxation, asked, in the heat of his argument, "What are the national beverages of England?" And he immediately responded to his own question by saying, "Beef and beer, a "bull" at which the House laughed immensely.

MARCHAND, the faithful valet of the great Napoleon, died recently, aged 85. He accompanied the Emperor to Elba and St. Helena. He was often his amanuensis, and received his dying injunctions regarding the transmission of some of his effects to his son. He was decorated with the Legion of Honor in 1840 by Louis Phillippe, and Louis Napoleon made him a count on the 2d of April, when the great Emperor's remains were placed in the crypt of the Invalides.

THE statue of the famous trotter, "American Girl," has been placed in position at Elmira, (N. Y.) Driving Park, midway between the main entrance and the western end of the grand stand. The colossal figure stands upon a granite pedestal six feet in height, the horse facing the track, with head erect, nostrils distended, and is strikingly life-like in attitude. The statue will remain covered until the opening day of the Spring meeting of the Association, when it will be unveiled.

THE Queen Dowager of Sweden, whose death was announced the other day, was the daughter of Eugene, the son of Josephine and adopted son of the Great Napoleon. She was born in the splendor of imperial days, and became the bride of Bernadotte's son. Two of her sons became kings. One of them is now on the throne. It is strange, as showing how time avenges everything, that while the blood of Napoleon is on no throne in Europe, the blood of Josephine, who was divorced because she could not bear Napoleon children, has become a royal strain, and will probably continue. It was the dream of the great conqueror's life to found a royal line. His descendants are outside of the royal circle, while the descendants of his discarded wife reign still, and bid fair to reign for generations.

THE vase which was presented to William Cullen Bryant in New York recently, commemorative of his eightieth birthday, is of silver and is intended to symbolize Mr. Bryant's life. It is a Greek vase, entwined with American flowers. The apple branches on it suggest the fruitfulness as well as beauty of Mr. Bryant's poetry; the eglantine symbolizes poetry; the primrose, early youth; the ivy, age; and the amaranth immortality. A series of *bas reliefs* represent the poet as a child looking to Homer as a model, and as a man, reciting under trees, a student of nature. A portrait of the poet, crowned with a laurel, is between the medallions. Above it is a lyre, and below a printing press. Another medallion represents the waterfowl, Mr. Bryant's emblem of faith. Indian corn and cotton leaves are entwined around the bottom of the vase. Numerous other allegorical representations cover the vase, and the words "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" are worked into an ornamental border.

SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

GREASE can be removed from billiard or other cloths by a paste of Fuller's earth and turpentine. This should be rubbed upon the fabric until the turpentine has evaporated and a white powder remains. The latter can be brushed off, and the grease will have disappeared.

THE ABSORPTION OF WATER BY GAS.—Dr. Redner calculates that of every cubic metre of gas recorded as having passed through a wet gas-meter, twenty-three litres (or two-thirds of one per cent. by volume of the gas so recorded) is aqueous vapor taken up by the passage of the gas through the water.

PEANUT oil, first made in the South, during the war, is now in large demand. It supplies the place of almond and olive oils for various uses, and is lower in price, retains its purity, and flavor for a long time, and is less susceptible to the effect of light than olive oil. The oil is extracted entirely from the meat of the nut by pressure, the refuse being used as cattle feed or a fertilizer.

THE desert of Sahara covers about 2,700,000 square miles. Most of it is about 1,500 feet above the sea level, but a portion covering 124,000 square miles is below the sea level, and a project for inundating it from the Atlantic Ocean is seriously talked of. The size of this desert may be better understood, when we state that its area is more than two-thirds that of the entire territory of the United States.

A GREAT FRENCH TELESCOPE.—The director of the Paris Observatory has received from the French Minister of Public Instruction the necessary authority to proceed with the construction of a monster telescope, the design for which has been approved. The instrument which will be one of the most powerful telescopes ever made, is to be manufactured by M. Eichens, who has undertaken to complete it in two years. The tube will be no less than 56 ft. 6in. in length.

TEMPERATURE FATAL TO ANIMALS.—Dr. B. W. Richardson has determined, from observations on man and various other warm-blooded animals, that the increment of heat which proves fatal is from 11 to 12 deg. Fah. above the natural temperature of the animal. In the human subject a steady elevation of temperature to 110 deg. Fah. induces fever; an elevation of 105 deg. indicates danger; above that, great danger. At 109 deg., 11 deg. above the natural temperature (98) the condition is fatal.

THE ENGLISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.—Preliminary work is declared to have been begun on the tunnel to connect England with France. At Langatte, in France, shafts have been sunk to a depth of 130 feet. When these reach about 338 feet depth below the sea level, a gallery of nearly one mile in length will be made through the chalk rocks to demonstrate the feasibility of the undertaking. If the construction of this is successful, and nothing threatens the practicability of future work, the tunnel will be pushed in earnest.

A NEW TANNING PROCESS.—A joint stock company was formed in Detroit in March last, with a capital of $100,000, for the purpose of manufacturing leather by a new process, invented by a tanner named Richter, and already about three thousand hides have been turned out. The leather is represented to be soft and flexible, and when manufactured into shoes one upper wears out two or three soles. The process does up to two to six weeks what the old process requires six months to one or two years to accomplish. Under the old process the hide lies in the vat with the bark for many months, the longer the better, gaining firmness and strength with the lapse of time. By this process the tanning is done in an hour, and all the time spent is that required for currying and dressing. The process is a chemical one, performed by the action of certain inexpressive chemical materials, the compounding of which in the right proportions is a secret.

A TRACK DETECTOR.—Attached to the rear of the paymaster's car on the Pennsylvania railroad, is an apparatus which it is thought will work much more satisfactorily than the telegraphic instruments formerly used by the officers while making tours of inspection. A roll of white paper 700 feet in length encircles a cylinder, from which it is paid out at the rate of three feet to the mile run by the car, its forward movement being regulated by the revolutions of the nearest axle under the car. A lead pencil placed about the center of the paper indicates by its mark the condition of the track. The more uneven the track the longer will be the mark which the pencil will make. Another way of showing the inspecting parties that the track is uneven is by a horizontal piece of iron and steel, which oscillates like the pendulum of a clock as the train moves. When a very defective point is reached the pendulum comes in contact with a metal on each side, circular in shape, and creates a sound like that of a bell.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NATIONAL DEBT.—D. J. F.—The public debt of the United States on June 1st, 1876, the latest at our command, less cash in the Treasury, was according to the Statement issued, $2,103,320,142 86.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT BUREAUS.—J. A. G.—There are twelve distinct Bureaus in this department, viz: Appointment Bureau; Warrant Bureau; Sub-Treasury Bureau; Customs Bureau; Navigation Bureau; Revenue Marine Bureau; Internal Revenue Bureau; Stationery Bureau; Records and Files Bureau; Loan Bureau; Currency Bureau; and the Supervising Special Agent. The titles of the Bureaus indicates of themselves the nature of the business transacted by each respectively.

LONDON PARKS.—C. POTTS.—There are several parks in or in the immediate suburbs of London which are accessible from the very centre of that metropolis, at the cost of a 6d or 4d ride by omnibus, railroad or steamboat. They are St. James' Park, near Charing Cross, 83 acres; the Green Park, adjacent to St. James', 71 acres; Hyde Park, 300 acres; Kensington Gardens; Victoria Park, Hackney, 290 acres; Battersea Park, 200 acres; Regent's Park and Primrose Hill, 400 acres; Finsbury Park, Hornsey, and Kensington Park.

BEDLAM.—S. D. M.—There is no such place as Bedlam; the name is a corruption of Bethlehem Hospital, an Insane Asylum in London, formerly a Priory, founded in 1246 by S. Fitz Mary, a Sheriff of London. In 1547, it was granted by Henry VIII to the corporation of London, and was called Fitz Mary's Hospital, after its founder, till 1675, when it was moved from its former site in Bishopsgate to Moorfields in London. This new building was taken down in 1814, and the present hospital erected in St. George's Fields, now covering fourteen acres, and accomodating six hundred patients.

GINGER BEER.—POOR MAN.—"Being out of work, and obliged to do something to make an honest living, I have thought of making a good cooling drink, a good ginger beer for instance, which would sell in the vicinity of the Centennial grounds. Can you give me a good receipt for making ginger beer?" The following is said to be a very superior ginger beer, the honey giving it a peculiar softness, and from not being fermented with yeast, it is less violent in its action when opened. The quantities given are sufficient to make about 100 bottles. White sugar, five pounds; lemon juice, one quarter of a pint; honey, one quarter of a pound; ginger, bruised, five ounces; water, four gallons and a half. Boil the ginger in three quarts of the water for half an hour, then add the sugar, lemon juice and honey with the remainder of the water, and strain through a cloth. When cold, add a quarter of the white of an egg, and a small teaspoonful of essence of lemon; let the whole stand four days and bottle. This will keep for several weeks, two to three months at least.

PRESENT.—ALPHA.—The law of etiquette, with respect to presents, is so very indefinite, that there is no occasion for a gentleman to take offence when a lady refuses to accept a present from him; more especially when in other respect she treats him kindly. Some are apt to imagine that they are encouraging a suit by accepting a present; and delicacy prevents their doing so at an early stage of the acquaintanceship, even if they most desire it. It is a singular fact, not easily accounted for, that love often treats those most rudely to whom it is most attached. It is proverbially capricious in both sexes, but especially so in the fair sex. (2) It is the lady's part to return the presents, when she breaks the engagement: the gentleman should not demand them. His photograph however may be an exception, and that, he may gently and politely request her to return. If she will not take the hint, she must either desire a renewal of the engagement, or be possessed of very little spirit. A present is for ever the property of the person who receives it, so you cannot demand a return of it.

PHOTO-PRINTING ON BLOCKS.—J. C. T. (Norwood).—The surface of the block having been duly prepared and rendered sensitive, the negative is taken in the usual way; but as it must be reversed on the block, it should be taken through the glass, that is, the plain side to be next the door of the slide, the thickness of the glass allowed for in focussing, and the spring of the slide kept from the film. The silvered collodion is poured on and off the block in the ordinary way, and may be dried either spontaneously or by artificial heat. In consequence of the rigidity of the block, the process of printing cannot be examined in the usual way; but after a little practice, the proper time can be generally hit upon without examination. On removal from the frame, the surface of the block should be brought into contact with a solution of hyposulphate of soda in a flat dish, and moved about on the surface for a few minutes, when it will be found sufficiently fixed, requiring only to be washed with a gentle stream of water and set up to dry. Or if it be desired to get rid of the thin flow of collodion, it can be easily dissolved off by a mixture of ether and alcohol before the application of the fixing solution.

ST. SWITHIN.—W. F. BRYANT.—"When does St. Swithin's Day occur, and what is the origin of the old saying that if it rains on that day it will rain for forty days afterwards?" St. Swithin's Day is on July 15th, and the saying you mention, appears to have been an article of popular belief, even in Anglo-Saxon times. The legend is that the Saint, who died in 868, desired to be buried in the open churchyard; this desire was complied with, but, in his being canonized, the monks, thinking it disgraceful for a saint to lie in the open cemetery, determined to move his body into the interior of the chapel. This was attempted with solemn ceremonies on the 16th of July; it rained, however, so violently for forty days that the monks, finding it vain to contend against one who evidently had the elements so entirely under his control, concluded to let him have his own way. To show his opinion of their conduct, and to warn others against interfering with the wishes of the dead, the Saint still continues, it is said, the 40 days rain. Unfortunately, however, for the truth of this legend, the Saint's relics were, in 971, translated by St. Athelwold to a shrine, and in 1094, retranslated to Winchester Cathedral by Bishop Walkelin.

STRIPES.—INQUIRER.—"Can you tell me what was the origin of the Stripes in our national flags? I have asked one or two other papers, but none of them have given me the information." These stripes were put on the flag designed in 1775 by Benjamin Franklin and two other gentlemen appointed to create a national flag. The design they adopted was the King's Colors, the crosses of St. George and St. Andrew, with 13 stripes, alternate red and white. The origin, or rather the reason why the Stripes were selected is somewhat difficult to explain. When Washington left Philadelphia to take command of the army at Cambridge, he was escorted to New York by the Philadelphia Light Horse. This company carried on that occasion a banner, one feature of which was a canton of thirteen stripes, blue and silver. This may have suggested to Washington the Stripes for the new flag; or they may have been taken from his own coat-of-arms; or, as some think, they may have been copied from the East Indian Company's flag, which however, is not at all likely. Still others suppose they were copied from the flag of the Netherlands. It is a curious fact that Washington's coat-of-arms contained both Stars and Stripes, which inclines us to the belief that this was the origin of the Stars and Stripes on our national flag.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS.—TEACHERS.—"Some of us have been having an argument about the different church organizations in this country, as to which of them was the strongest, both in numbers and value of church property. Not being able to agree amongst ourselves, we agreed to refer the question to you for settlement." According to the census of 1870, which gives us the latest data on the question you have referred to us, the church organization of this country, in that year numbered 72,459. The number of church edifices, 63,082, with sittings for 21,656,062. The total value of church property was $354,483,581. The Methodists come first, with 21,837 churches, 6,528,299 sittings and property valued at $69,854,121. Next the Baptists, with 12,962 churches, 4,364,138 sittings and property valued at $41,868,198; then presbyterians with 7071 churches, 2,598,244 sittings and $53,285,286 worth of property. The Catholics come next, with 3,806 church edifices, 1,890,514 sittings and $60,055,566 valuation of church property. Next in order are Congregationalists with 2715 churches, 1,117,212 sittings; Episcopalians, 2,601 churches, 993,051 sittings, and property valued at $36,514,549. Of course, there have been considerable additions to the above figures during the last six years, but we are not able to make even a guess as to what they have been. We can only give you the latest authentic information and have you settle the question.

MISCELLANEOUS.—EVA.—If your own charms have no effect in winning the young man's affections, we know of none that we can advise you to try. G. R.—If we were to judge from your letter, the estrangement you speak of has been caused by hasty words spoken by yourself. If so, the advances toward a reconciliation should come from you.

A number of communications have been received, which will be answered next week.